Liberty

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AUG 9 · 1941

BUY
UNITED STATES
DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

HE CASE FOR UNION WITH BRITAIN by Clarence K. Strei

WHY BOB FELLER IS A CHAMPION by Jack Dempsey

THE ROMANCE OF AN ARMY NURSE

National preparedness creates strange social contrasts — and stranger situations. When Frances Colescott, daughter of a coal miner, received her appointment as an army nurse, she was officially commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army. And in her same detachment, in fact, confined to her very hospital ward she found the great movie star Kenneth Ritchie—owner of a million hearts—now serving as a lowly buck-private.

What would you have done if this Hollywood playboy met you, talked with you, made love to you . . . when every army regulation forbids such relationship? Would you tame the famous bad-boy (you could, as his superior officer), or would you forget your rank, remember your heart, and make a great dream come true? Learn how this woman acted in "ARMY NURSE"—an exciting, scintillating tale of romance in olive drab, in September True Story Magazine.

DIVORCE SPECIALIST

Julia Grand had dedicated her life to a fanatical crusade against all men. She hated every man . . . simply because he was a man! With a zealous frenzy, Julia nurtured this great distrust and defiance in her law practice, until she became the Clarence Darrow of the divorce court. They called her a "sensational she-devil" whose lashing tongue was made only for breaking up homes, estranging unhappy couples. But then two people came into her life . . . a boy and a man, and the notorious Julia Grand made a revolutionary decision. . . .

But be sure to read "DIVORCE SPECIALIST" in September True Story Magazine and learn the thrilling climax to this bewitched woman's devastating career. It's so unexpected, so amazing that we are presenting it as a complete book-length novel for September. By all means, don't miss it!

"ROMANCE UNLIMITED"

ARTHUR MURRAY'S FAVORITE LOVE STORY

Godfather to many touching romances has been Arthur Murray, the world's greatest dancing master, employer of a legion of beautiful hostesses. When we asked him to write for us the greatest true love story he knows, he responded with a delightful tale about the electric attraction of a young teacher in one of his studios to her middle-aged pupil. We are happily presenting "ROMANCE UNLIMITED," written by Arthur Murray himself in the September True Story Magazine. The world loves a lover, and you'll certainly love these!

ARMY NURSE—A Girl in This Man's Army
True Story
SEPTEMBER
15¢

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September

True Story

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE—"The Girl Who Married Jimmy Dorsey," by the wife of the swing king; "The Case of Tommy Jordan," a plea for the life of a man convicted of murder; another thrilling installment of "Heroes' World;" "Traffic Jam Masher," September's stranger-than-fiction story; "Two Dozen Red Roses," "Love on a Promissory Note," and a great collection of appealing departments . . . all appearing in the streamlined, revitalized, modernized September True Story Magazine. Get your copy now!

**Do you see Little Mary Lou?
No, I see the Mother of Two Young Sons.**

**Do the Cares of her Family Weigh her Down?
Not at all—She is Light-Hearted and Gay.**

**Her Smile is always Bright and Sparkling . . . a Smile
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Keep your smile sparkling . . . let Ipana and Massage help you to firmer gums as well as brighter teeth

Q. *Why are dentists almost unanimous in urging the practice of regular gum massage?*

A. Because modern gums need more work for healthy firmness. Today's soft, creamy foods rob gums of natural resistance and work—do not provide this needed exercise.

Q. *If gums are neglected—what then?*

A. Gums tend to become weak and sensitive. And firm, healthy gums are essential to sound, sparkling teeth. That is why "pink tooth brush" should never be ignored . . . it is a warning of sensitive gums!

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" serious?*

A. "Pink tooth brush" may not mean serious trouble—but only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say your gums need more work and exercise. And he may well suggest, as so many dentists these days are doing, the "healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Q. *Why do dentists so frequently suggest Ipana and massage?*

A. Because Ipana and massage is a great aid not only in helping you to have brighter teeth . . . but also firmer gums. Ipana does more than clean teeth brilliantly. With massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today—and every time you brush your teeth massage a little *extra* Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

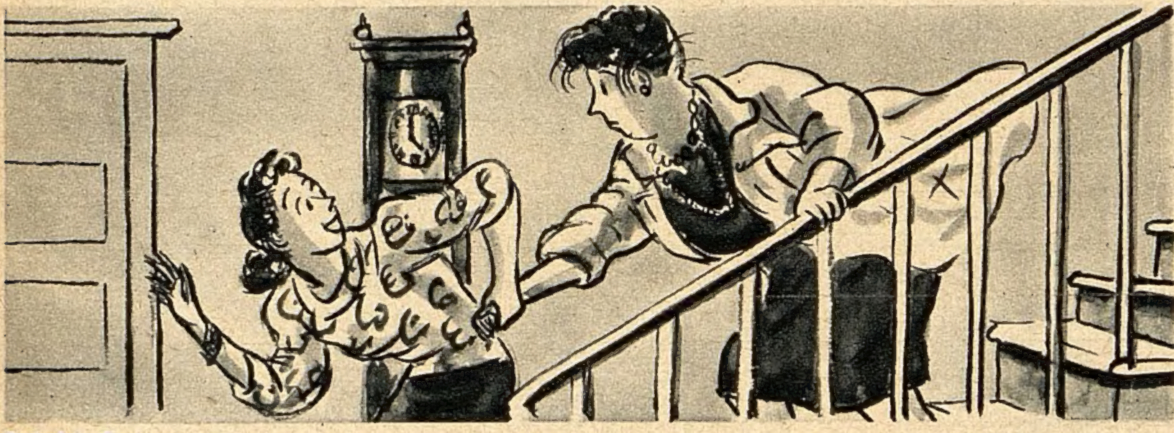
Ipana Tooth Paste

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

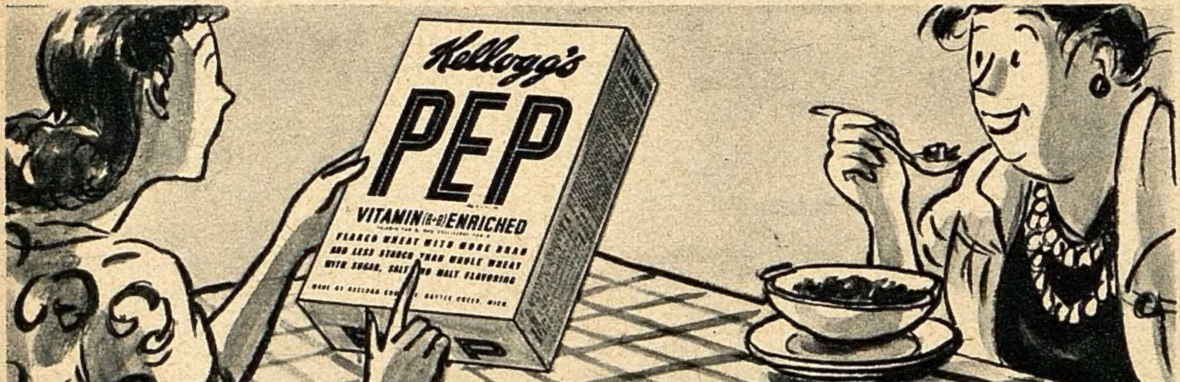
Bright Eyes: But Auntie! No dancer ever looked like that! How about a little animation, a little motion, a little whoosh, a little *pep appeal?*

Auntie: Oh, dear! I thought you'd like it. But what in goodness' name is "pep appeal"?

Bright Eyes: It's oomph, darling. It's verve. It's *joie de vivre.* And, come to think of it, you need it as badly as that statue does. Aha! I've got an idea!



Bright Eyes: No wonder you can't sculpt tango dancers, the way you've been eating lately! If you don't eat right you don't get enough *vitamins.* Vitamins for pep!



Bright Eyes: And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. You need to have all the vitamins, you know, and right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones—B_1 and D.

Auntie: But goodness, child! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me become the most vitaminized sculptor you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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VOX

GUARD AGAINST STALIN'S TERMITES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Russia's plight as the latest victim of a particularly brutal and ungrateful Nazi aggression evokes a certain amount of fellow feeling in America. Moreover, as long as Stalin resists the invasion it offers respite and a chance for offensive action to Britain.

These circumstances, however, must not blind America to the fact that it was Stalin who gave the "Go" signal for the war; that his International has been a mere branch of the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda; that his agents have sought, and in some measure succeeded, to disarm America by strikes and by an assault on our national unity; that Communist stooges have for twenty-two months preached hatred for the United States in Latin America.

In giving aid and sympathy to Russia let us therefore be thoroughly realistic, to the point of cynicism.

We must never forget that Stalin will sell us out without the flicker of an eyebrow at the first opportunity. Nor must we forget that his American cohorts are still a fifth column in our midst.

Now that Russia—through no wish on its own part—is on the democratic side of the struggle, all the slimy Stalinist termites in America will work more openly. From all the crevices of American life will crawl those fellow travelers and stooges and subsidized agents who have been temporarily in hiding.

We must guard against them—because, now as before, they have only one master: Stalin. Only one "principle": service to the Kremlin. The fact that their interests coincide temporarily with ours makes them an even greater danger!—*Eugene Lyons, Editor of Mercury and Author of Assignment in Utopia.*

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GENERAL MITCHELL

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We should now call up those *fine officers* who were responsible for General Mitchell's "honorable" discharge, and have them tried for *ignorance.*

These politicians running the army and

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navy are so damnably ignorant of the tactics of modern warfare that we shall make a most deplorable showing if once engaged in war with a modern well equipped army.

Surely the disgrace they endeavored to heap upon General Mitchell, through their ignorance of facts and of what this country needs, is the highest tribute to General Mitchell's intelligence.—*J. F. Russel.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—History does not record an incident of the sinking of a battleship by planes—at least, while the battleship was under way and able to defend herself.

Planes searched for and located the Bismarck. Their attacks *may* have been responsible for a reduction in the Bismarck's speed. But—when the coup de grâce was to be given, a British cruiser was ordered for that task. Her torpedoes did it.

The plane of General Mitchell sank a vessel unmanned and at rest.—*William A. Mason.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Please publish an article with the names, dates, and all data on the saps who were responsible for the General Mitchell court-martial. It ought to make a great story.—*C. H. Seneco.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Always enjoy Liberty's editorials, but the one in the issue of June 28 about "Billy" Mitchell is tops.—*Wesley E. King.*

YORK, PA.—Congratulations on your letter to General Mitchell (June 28 Liberty). It is my sincere hope that it is read by thousands, and may you continue such wonderful work in creating thought in the minds of all Americans. God bless you!—*M. A. Wilhelm.*

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Your editorial To a Prophet Without Honor in His Own Country is one of those pieces of journalistic writing that will probably find its way into textbooks sometime in the future. From the pathos between the lines, I gather that you published this because you meant it and not to fill a six-inch blank space on page 7.—*Ronald L. Ives.*

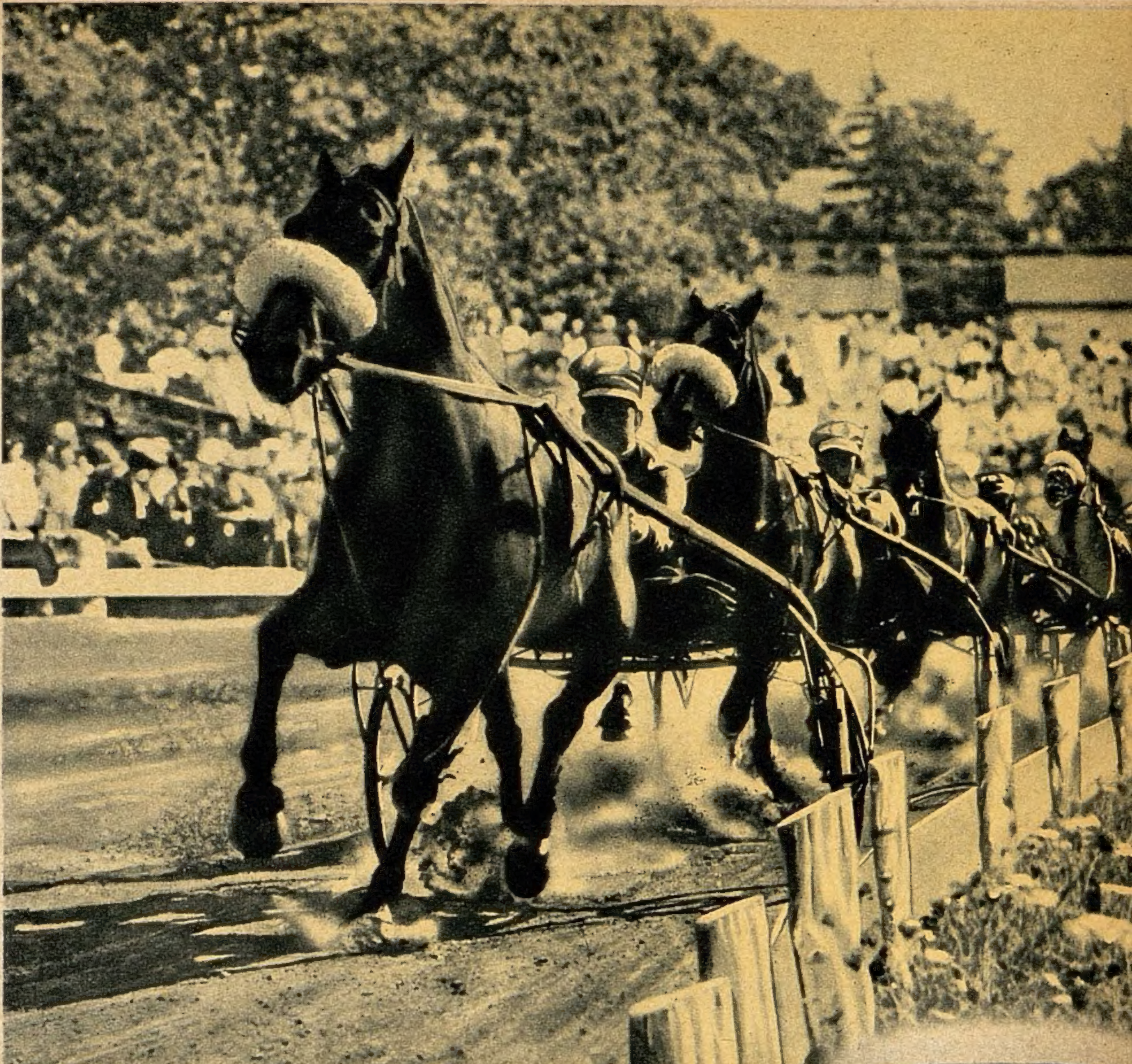
SQUANDERMANIA!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—"Squandermania." Hooray for Liberty! It takes more than guts to publish such an editorial—it takes red-hot true patriotism. (June 14 Liberty.) I recommend this to be run in every issue for the next ten years—or at least once a month. For the rank and file of the American voting public does not yet know that what they voted for in 1932 they had had for two years!—*Irving W. Easton.*

SKY WOOING!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Here's a sample of California wooing. Citizens stood spellbound as they watched an aviator sky-

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



THE HAMBLETONIAN

HAMBLETONIAN STAKE TROPHY. Most truly American of all race horses is the trotter, a type first developed in this country—and the classic of all harness races is the Hambletonian Stake, run at Goshen, N.Y. Each year since 1926, the Hambletonian has been a magnet for thousands of sportsmen. To win the Stake Trophy (shown at right) means that the owner has a horse that's "tops" in its class—a trotter that's bred and trained to be better than good!

THIS SALE
GALLONS
FOR USE AS A MOTOR FUEL ONLY CONTAINS LEAD (TETRAETHYL)
ETHYL
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ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasolines too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.) BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

MARRYING MY JIM!
what's she got that I haven't got?

The answer was easy. The "other woman" had a bright, captivating smile; a breath that was fresh, sweet, full of allure, while she herself had "Double O" (offensive breath and offensive teeth).

Too many women are careless about this condition and, therefore, may lose out in romance and popularity.

Don't take unnecessary chances. It's so easy to combat the "Double O" with the delightful double precaution that so many smart, popular people follow every night and morning.

For the breath, Listerine of course—it quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis. And to make teeth more brilliant and flashing, to add to the allure of your smile, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Changed in formula and action—and especially created to attack cloudy, loose deposits; dull film; unpleasant surface stains and discoloration that make teeth unattractive. For 8 years skilled experts labored to perfect this lustre-giving formula. Many say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

If you want others to like you, start today using the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a more alluring smile and Listerine for a more appealing breath; your common sense tells you it pays.

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath* *Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

writing the words "I love you" above the outer edge of the city.

Later the pilot was questioned at the airport.

"My plane is equipped with a sky-writing device," he explained, "and I just got the idea I would like to write "I love you" in the sky above my girl's house. So I did."—*F. F. C.*

BAN OIL TO JAPS?

Flint, Mich.—Is it true that the United States is still exporting oil to Japan? Why should we be faced with a shortage of oil under these conditions? I, personally, cannot make heads or tails of this situation.

First, we assist China by sending her airplanes and supplies necessary to continue war with Japan. Then, to make the puzzle more complicated, we sell Japan the one thing she must have to wage war with China, and, incidentally, to wage war with the United States.

It seems that we, the people of the United States, will pay for the assistance to China, and oil exporters will make a profit on the oil transactions with Japan. —*K. Enyart.*

DIVORCE LESSON

Tulsa, Okla.—I am a mother of grown young folk who read. Thanks for such stories as So Nice to Remember, that was published in the May 31 number.

The story paints the misery of divorce in a way young people understand and don't feel they are being preached to.—*Mrs. James Grant.*

HAWAII'S VALUE

Honolulu, T. H.—We of Hawaii appreciate deeply publication of, and were particularly interested in, the table, How Much Comes Out of Your State? (June 14 Liberty), because it served to emphasize the financial importance of this organized incorporated territory and integral part of the United States.

For many years it has been our boast that this territory has contributed more to the Federal Treasury in internal-revenue taxes annually than any one of from fourteen to nineteen of the forty-eight states, and it is extremely gratifying to have such a widely circulated and important magazine as Liberty give public confirmation to this fact.—*John Snell, Executive Secretary, Hawaii Equal Rights Commission.*

FRUIT OF EDEN

Chicago, Ill.—To correct repeated misquotations won't you publish that the Bible does not say the forbidden fruit was an apple? It reads: "But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil"; also, "But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden," etc. No mention is made of the kind of tree or fruit.—*R. A. C.*

Beverly Hills' Movie Guide will be found on page 36.

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty
AUGUST 9, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 32

WHAT ARE THESE COMING SOCIAL CHANGES?

☆ WE hear a great deal of talk today about coming social changes.

"When this war is over," people are saying, "things will never be the same again. The whole pattern of our lives is going to be different."

In what way? Is it going to be a better life or worse? And if better, then is it not fair to ask, better for whom?

There is only one democratic, one American answer to that question.

No social changes can long remain as a part of American democracy unless they make life richer for us all.

The trouble is that agitators and hatemongers are preaching changes for the benefit of the few alone; their appeal is to one class as against another class, the technique of the revolutionist. There is no hope for America if our people are to choose division as against unity. Only disaster awaits if we break up into farm segments, labor segments, capital segments. Not in segments but in a strong united whole lies our hope for strength and endurance.

They hope to make people forget, these hatemongers and agitators, that the welfare of agriculture and of labor is also the welfare of management and of capital.

The more prosperity that farmers and workingmen enjoy, the greater becomes their purchasing power. The more goods consumed, the greater the wealth of all.

We are not in a class war in this country, in spite of many attempts to make it seem as if we were in such a war. We are in a process of gradual economic and social change in which the wisdom of agriculture and labor and capital is more often working together than not.

Some leaders of industry who opposed much of what has come to pass have since seen the reality of the forces of change at work in our society.

And, by the same token, some leaders of labor have begun to realize that employer and employee are not natural enemies but natural partners.

The only thing to fear in the coming social changes is the malicious manufacture of hate, sedulously cultivated by men whose object is not social change but revolution.

Any one who looks around here in the free United States of America can see what is already being done. Thousands of new apartment houses with low rentals rise proudly from old slums—you will find them on the East River front of Manhattan and in the midst of Negro hovels and shanties in the deep South. Playgrounds, houses, schools—the poor of this country are already sharing and will share still more in the wealth of our reserves.

Every honest American is glad that this is so and will work to extend these benefits. But in all the social changes still to be proposed he will stand fast on certain fundamentals.

This is a land of freedom, not for any special class or group but for everybody. That is what gives to the American way of life its sacredness—that every man, rich or poor, of whatever religion or race or origin, stands equal before our laws. Under those laws we stand protected, all of us, from hazard to our basic freedoms—freedom of expression, freedom from want, freedom from fear, and freedom of enterprise.

We hear a great deal about the three, but too little about the last. Yet we cannot preserve the first three of these freedoms without freedom of enterprise, so that men may dare new undertakings, creating new goods and services, thus giving work to many others and assisting in that general prosperity upon which, in the end, we must all depend—even taxing government itself.

That is why class war would destroy us. That is why we need good will. And it should begin with the leaders. No more "economic royalists" cracks, please, Mr. President. No more "that so-and-so in the White House," please, Mr. Industrialist. The leaders of all disjointed groups should be the very first to get together and show us the way to unity. We could not live through a class war and emerge as free Americans. That is why we must work together in trust and good will through whatever social changes may come—so that this democracy of ours shall not be swept away, whether by foreign foes or by Communist and Nazi schemers attacking us from within.

We all love the same flag, the same constitution, the same country. To make ourselves safe from the hate of the outside world, we might paraphrase a Good Man in Galilee:

Let us learn to love one another.

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READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The Case for Uni

☆ WHAT is this movement for Union Now? At bottom it is nothing more nor less than a broad concrete program to organize the whole world gradually on American lines.

The plan for Union Now starts with this proposition: To have peace and freedom in the world we must have an effective democratic world government, just as we must have such a government in the town, state, and nation if we are to enjoy peace and freedom in any of them. How to establish such a government among the existing sovereign states? Our answer is to go it the way the thirteen states did when they established the United States, to model world government broadly on our own Federal Union. Why? Because our Constitution has solved this very problem with amazing success, and all other methods — leagues, alliances, diplomacy—have failed.

Just as the United States began with thirteen states and gradually grew to forty-eight, it is proposed that we now begin the United States of the World with a small nucleus of experienced democracies and let it grow gradually into a universal Federal Union. Before the war began, the book, Union Now, sought to prevent it by having this Union started then with these fifteen founders: the United States of America, Great Britain, Canada, Eire, Union of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland.

Many people got behind the idea, and the result was the present organization called Federal Union. But the great bulk of the people remained indifferent, and down those democracies went in disunion, one by one. Instead of uniting them with us, we Americans have let Hitler unite the three most heavily armed aggressor Powers against us in the first alliance in history ever aimed at the United States. Of those fifteen democracies, he has left only seven—the English-speaking ones—still free to form a Union now.

And so we propose that America, while it can, invite at least the British and Irish democracies to form with us immediately a provisional Federal Union to hold the fort for freedom. We would have these seven states unite in an Inter-Continental Congress. We would have them give this Congress the sole power to make war and peace, just as the thirteen did. Their experience showed that that is the best guaranty against any member state making a separate peace. We would also give this Union the normal federal powers over trade, money, communications, and citizenship. We would have voting power in this Inter-Continental Congress proportionate to self-governing population. That would give the American people a majority of the representatives in Congress.

Furthermore, we would have this Congress pledged to do these things:

1. Issue a Declaration of Interdependence reaffirming textually the universal principles of our Declaration of 1776, and making it clear that this Union is to maintain the rights of man and create the nucleus of a world government of, by, and for the people.
2. Convoke a Federal Convention to draft a permanent Constitution, to be binding only after we have studied and ratified the definite text by popular vote.
3. Provide that this nuclear Union of the Free shall grow gradually into the United States of Man by peaceful admission of outside and colonial peoples to full and equal membership, as states are admitted to the United States, with The Union maintaining the Monroe Doctrine and good-neighbor policy as regards the Latin-American republics, pending their entry into it.
4. Have The Union offer to make peace on terms that democracy can safely offer—namely, no annexations or occupations of foreign territory, no reparations and indemnities, and the settlement by arbitration of all disputes leading to war that cannot be settled by direct negotiation. Rejection of these terms by the Axis will serve to discredit the dictators at home and abroad, and at the same time will show that The Union has

Liberty explores a much-debated topic of today . . Next week, the other side

ith Britain

BY CLARENCE K. STREIT

Famous war correspondent and author of Union Now

no imperialistic or vengeful motives.

5. Insure—without a huge expeditionary force to Europe, Greenland, or South America—the ultimate downfall of dictatorship if it rejects The Union's peace offer and wages war against us. Do this by holding the English Channel line while giving Europeans something worth dying for in passive resistance and active revolt—namely, a solemn guaranty to admit to The Union, as soon as they are free, those European peoples who have long governed themselves democratically (as the French, Scandinavians, etc.) or those (as the Germans, Italians, etc.) who, by restoring their own rights as men, prove their devotion to these free principles of The Union, and their desire to end this war in a common victory of the common people on both sides over the fetish of absolute unlimited national sovereignty.

There, briefly, is The Union program. The chief line of attack against it is the charge that it would mean our "joining the British Empire," "becoming second-class Englishmen," and so on. All this is utter nonsense. Pennsylvania did not "join" New England when they united to form the United States. Neither will America join old England when they form a similar Union now.

Formation of this new Union would not make Americans citizens of England or Englishmen citizens of the United States any more than formation of the United States made Virginians citizens of Maryland. Americans and British would all be equal citizens of this Union, each with an equal vote on Union affairs. We would retain our American citizenship; we would govern purely American affairs independently of the British.

To say that Union Now means "undoing the American Revolution" is to say that the chief aim of that revolution was simply separation from Britain. The fact is, the separation was merely a means, not an end in itself, to the men who effected it. As Lincoln said at Independence Hall in 1861:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence."

Union Now would carry that sentiment through the world, beginning with the British themselves. It would make our Union with them depend on the British accepting textually the very principles in the Declaration to which Lincoln referred. If they are willing to do that—and there is good reason to believe that they are—what more can we ask?

This is perhaps enough to show how unfounded are the common criticisms of Union Now. They are so empty that one is tempted to smell Nazi propaganda in them. No one can deny that Hitler has great funds and many secret agents in the United States. He has proved to be a master of the propaganda weapon, far superior to the British. Nothing would endanger him more than American adoption of the program of Union Now. It would be silly, therefore, to discount the Nazi element in the propaganda against Union Now.

But it would be no less silly to forget that the real force of Nazi propaganda lies in clever exploitation of existing possibilities of disunion within and between nations. Before any one ever heard of the Nazis there existed plenty of anti-British feeling in America. We have all read about the redcoats, listened to the Irish, and been exposed by the lecture platform to the smug, rude, arrogant type of Englishman who still considers Americans to be colonials. He makes us forget that the British make just as good American citizens as any one else.

I found much to admire in England when I lived there, but I also found there the roots of things I most objected to in America. And, as a convinced equalitarian republican, I was shocked by the English class system (which the war is now doing so much to break down). But I am just as puzzled that so many Americans should jump to the conclusion that in any British-American union the British would be the ruling partner. It seems to me that if they didn't have an inferiority complex they would assume instead that we Americans could at least hold our own with the British. For the Union proposal establishes the partnership on an American basis and gives us a voice in it proportionate to our greater self-governing population. Union would organize our relations with the British on an American rather than a British basis because (1) the Union government would be a republic instead of a monarchy; (2) it would have a written Constitution instead of an unwritten one, as in Britain; (3) this Constitution would set up a government resembling the United States Federal Union rather than the British Commonwealth of Nations.

At present our relations with the British are organized on a British rather than an American basis. They are based on the principle of absolute sovereignty, an offshoot of absolute monarchy. They are governed by the unwritten code of diplomacy and customary international law. They accord each state an equal vote, regardless of the number of its citizens, just as the British Commonwealth does; they follow it in having that vote cast by the delegate of the government rather than by the direct representative of the people; and they allow each state in the final emergency to do as it pleases.

Just as the British Commonwealth leaves Eire free to remain neutral, our present relations with Britain leave us free to be neutral. That is not the American federal system, which allows no member state to be neutral or make a separate peace when the Union goes to war. We pay for our neutral rights under our present setup with Britain by leaving Britain the right to surrender its fleet in a separate peace whenever it chooses.

The fact is that we are now playing the world game according to the rules of diplomacy, with which the British are much more familiar than we are. These rules put a premium on skill in "divide and rule," and the British government was the acknowledged master in that field until Hitler came along. By keeping us divided even from the other democracies that speak our language, Hitler has given

(Continued on page 54)

Funny Above The Ears

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

☆ "I NEVER yet," says the barkeep, "seen a horse-race expert that wasn't born wobbly under the hair comb. Sooner or later it always comes out."

The radio stops in the middle of a rumba to announce the seventh at Santa Anita. It's Runaround, twenty to one, with Laraphao second, Fancy Dancer third.

I whistle in my beer. "That I should be," I say, "so shaky in the vicinity of the hat as Danny Boy the Casey." I shove the Feedbox Bulletin at the barkeep, open to the Casey Daily Specials. The barkeep shoves it right back.

"Don't I know?" he says. "One-two-three the Casey is picking them."

"With a long shot here and there," I remark, "to relieve the awful tedium."

"In his right mind," says the barkeep, "the Casey couldn't pick a Man o' War out of a line-up of wooden rocking horses for the kiddies. Then of a sudden he goes off his base. Now it's getting to be a nag wouldn't leave the post except first it should see the Casey Daily Specials to know what to do."

"What I would call," I say, "a happy kind of insanity."

"Sure," says the barkeep. "Only, the Casey ain't happy about it."

He fills me one on the house by mistake.

"Did you ever hear of a system," he says, "where the more winners you pick, the more money you lose?"

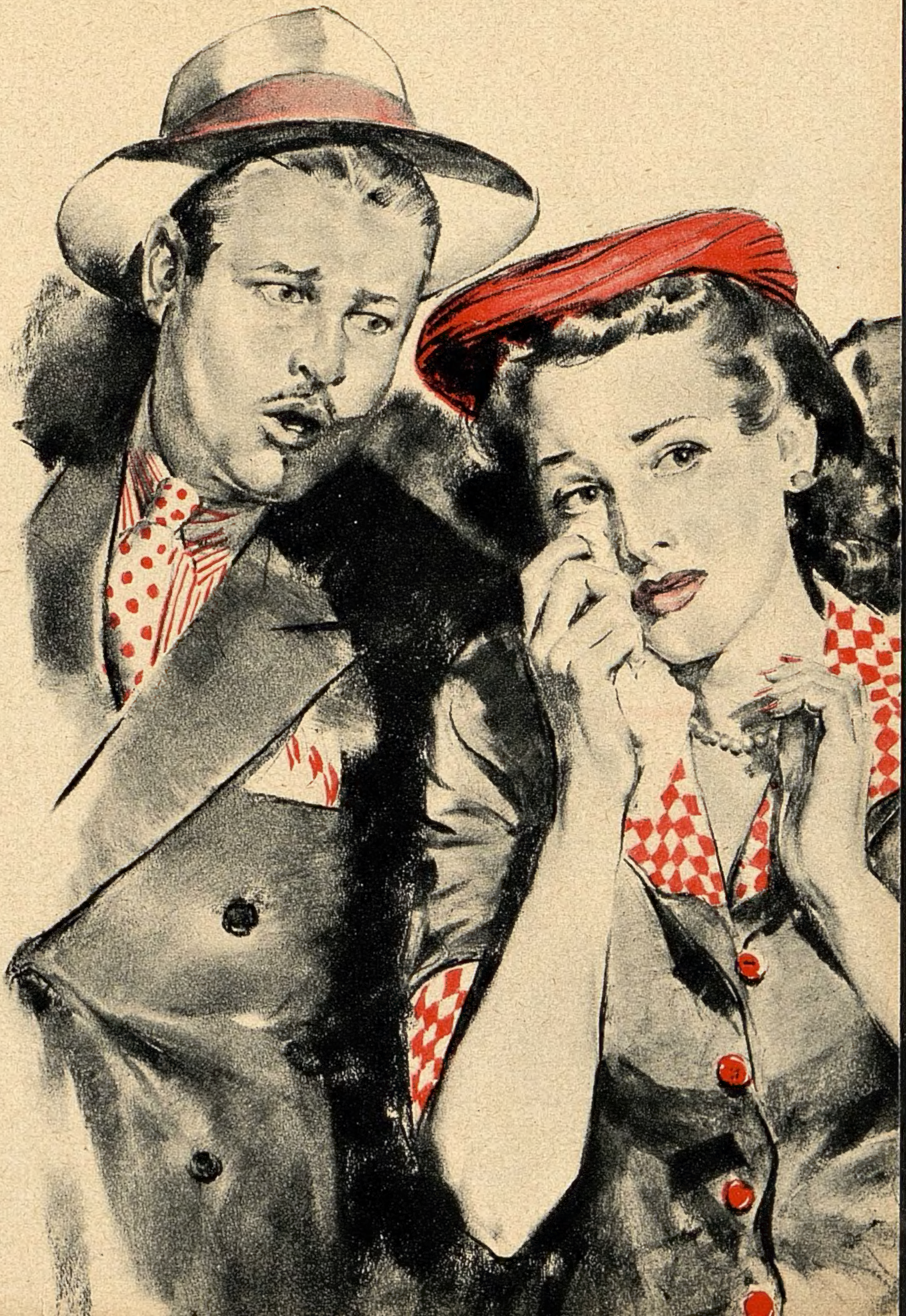
"Now," I say, "that you mention it, no."

"It ain't right," says the barkeep. "It's against human nature and the common law."

The door opens for a sky-blue shirt with a tie with crescent moons. Danny Boy the Casey nods a greeting and helps himself to a handful of matches from the bar. For the seventh son of a seventh son dreaming them out one-two-three he doesn't, for a fact, look overjoyed. He masticates a match nervously while the radio cuts the rumba to announce the eighth and final.

Dear One, this time, with Goldie second, Rumduddie third. And Dear One makes the Casey's second long shot of the day. I start to whistle again but stop. Whistling is considered by the Casey to bring bad luck. I wouldn't want to be the one to break a streak like this.

The Casey, however, takes the glad tidings without any cheering. He



BY DUNLEA HURLEY

Casey was crazy—and how! A joyous tale of racetrack magic and a girl

helps himself to a pencil from my vest and scribbles in a little black book.

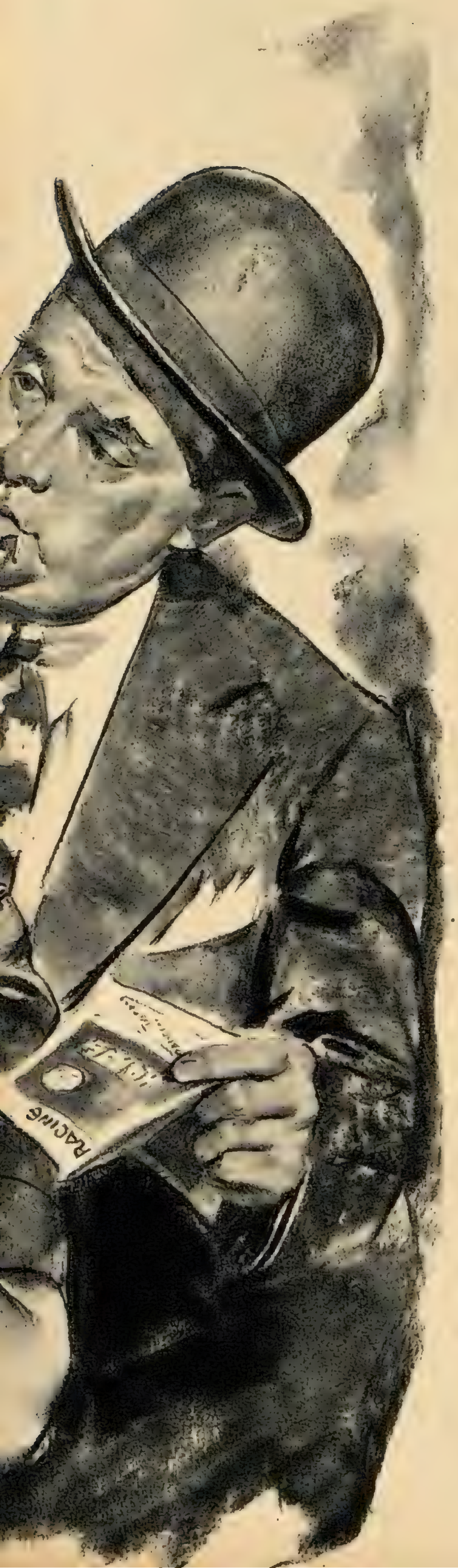
The barkeep gives me the eye. To the Casey he says, "Too bad."

The Casey bites his match in two. "It can't last," the Casey says.

The barkeep gives me the elbow. "How much you out now?" he says to the Casey.

The Casey snaps shut his little black book. "Plenty," he says. He goes to the telephone, passing, on his way, a freckled-faced shoeshine kid coming in. He fails to give this kid two bits. It's the first freckled-faced kid I've ever seen the Casey ignore. Freckled-faced kids are considered by the Casey to bring as much good luck as whistling brings bad. But all this kid's freckles get him from the Casey is a faraway stare.

"Danny," she says. "Oh, Danny Boy!" "Now, listen," says the Casey.



"I thought," I say, "the Casey was on the wagon of late."

"He is," says the barkeep. "He don't touch nothing stronger than matches. It ain't delirious tremors, it's hereditary and environment. The Casey is crazy. You seen it for yourself."

At the telephone the Casey has an extra-nickel session, making much use of such words as "sweetheart" and "honey." He returns to the bar looking somewhat refreshed. I put it up to him frankly.

"Frankly," I say, "it's none of my business, but I learn by the grapevine you have got a new system, a system whereby should your horse win, you lose; whereas should your horse lose, you win. Correct me if I am wrong I hope."

"It's not so much a system," says the Casey, "as a way of life. See what I mean?"

"No," I say.

"Her name," says the Casey, "is Marie. She works down at the bank. I step on her foot in a trolley car. Get it?"

"Maybe," I say, "I'm a little slow today."

"Well," says the Casey, "let's look at it from another angle. A guy wants to marry before he dies. Am I right?"

"A popular sentiment for ages," I say.

"O. K. So I say to her, will she be mine? So she says to me, she would love it."

"In the trolley car?"

"At the movies. The next month. . . . She reminds me of my mother."

"It's wonderful."

"Sure. Only, how can two live cheap as one when one can't hardly keep even with his haberdasher bill? Also, her father was a gambling man, see? That's why she had to go to work. So she says to me, Danny Boy, she says, you have first got to get a nest egg in the bank. So that's where the empty beer bottles come in."

"Which empty beer bottles?"

"The old-fashioned ones with the long necks."

"Maybe," I say, "we better start all over."

"It's simple," says the Casey. "Once you put folding money into a long-necked beer bottle, it's next to impossible to get the money out without you break the bottle. This bottle part is my own idea.

"Danny Boy, she says, you must quit working for the nags and make the nags work for you. Every time, she says, you get the urge to put a five or ten on a sure thing, don't. Put the five or ten in the bank, instead.

"Marie, I say, you mean quit following the ponies?

"Danny Boy, she says, I wouldn't ask anything of you like that. Then she gives me a little black book. With this little book, she says, you can have your fun, as always, but at much less expense. Be your own bookie, she says. Just keep track, she says, of every time you would have played a horse but didn't. At the end of a month compare what you would have played but didn't with what you wouldn't have put in the bank but did. It's the only way, she says, to beat the game."

"At least," I say, "it's novel. Instead of giving your dough to the bookie, you put it in a bottle and keep score in your little black book?"

"And once a week," says the Casey, "we break a bottle, together, and transfer what is in it to my bank account."

He produces the little black book.

"To date," he says, "we have got toward our nest egg the cash amount of three hundred and fifty-five dollars, not counting what she herself has saved each week in her own special account, what we call the Honeymoon Fund. This three hundred fifty-five dollars, you understand, is good hard dough which I have won by the simple process of not playing the Casey Daily Specials."

"A tidy sum."

"On the other hand," says the Casey, "according to my figures here, if I had played that three hundred fifty-five dollars instead of saving it in the bank, I would now have the very round figure of two thousand dollars and a few stray cents."

I forget not to whistle. The Casey doesn't seem to mind.

"No sooner," he says, "do I quit putting money on my selections than I start picking winners by the hatful. For many moons I'm a horse-race expert with the cash courage of my convictions, and I always come out broke. But when I quit backing myself with money, I start naming them one-two-three by the color of their eyes. Fate is a funny thing."

(*Continued on page 49*)

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What

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ IF, while visiting Washington, you should see a large and shapeless bundle of masculine clothing undulating along some street near the Capitol, view it with respect. It isn't something that dropped from a Bundles for Britain wagon. It is Leon Henderson, the price czar of the United States, the New Deal's Number 1 Tough Boy and its most successful economic crystal-gazer.

This rumpled roly-poly, shy as a sunflower and diplomatic as a shorthorn bull, is charged with the duty of seeing that you don't have to pay too much for the things you buy, from battleships to undershirts. He is head of the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply—OPACS.

Leon Henderson is the only survivor of the motley crew of economists who responded to the New Deal's call, back in the early 1930s, for an inquest on Prosperity and to suggest a substitute. Not only did he survive: he is one of the real bosses of the complex, mysterious machine which is the government of the United States. He is a very important influence in the workaday affairs of us all, and that includes the housewife and the baby.

Economics is "the science treating of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth." That's what the dictionaries say; but if economics is a *science,* so is fortunetelling, which it much resembles. Leon Henderson, economist, has this advantage over his brethren in the craft: his predictions have come true, and he can prove it. Talk to him at his desk at the headquarters of the Office for Emergency Management, and presently he pulls out sheaves of papers and fondles them.

Prize exhibit is a brochure entitled Boom & Bust, a full-length prophecy of the 1937 recession which Leon wrote in December, 1936, when the country was dizzy with its first slug of prosperity which came "because

s Leon Henderson Going To Do About Prices?

Ladies and gentlemen, meet your pocketbook's new defender—"The toughest guy in the government!"

BY WALTER KARIG

we planned it that way." He gave the forecast to Harry Hopkins, who gave it to President Roosevelt, who gave it the small recognition of asserting at a press conference that the price of copper was too high. That was only one item on Henderson's tale of woe; he figured that prices and production were outstripping consumer demand. Throughout the winter he relayed memos to the White House advising the President to prepare for big new outlays of government spending.

But there were other economists looking into the crystal globe and seeing a rosy picture. The administration had promised a balanced budget. Business had recovered from its disappointment in not electing Landon to the Presidency, and was feeling more affable toward F. D. R. as he showed more symptoms of economy.

In September came the predicted bust. Everybody in the government felt hurt; business and industry felt jittery. Leon Henderson had been proved right. So did Leon rub it in by saying "I told you so"? Oh, yes, indeed he did. And then he went to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, his own internal economy busted. Still he kept up his charts and graphs, platting the ratios of costs against prices and both against income and demand. If there was science in economics, Leon seemed to have found it; and so today he is the czar of prices, a Simon Legree with a blacksnake whip labeled "Price Schedule." He has more authority than General Hugh Johnson ever tossed around in the heydays of NRA.

Leon's Scandinavian ancestors migrated to America's New Sweden on the east bank of the Delaware River. He was born in Millville, New Jersey, on May 26, 1895, to Chester and Lida (Beebe) Henderson, and graduated from that community's high school in 1914, average in lessons, cum laude in football, baseball, and deviltry.

The farm his father bought about that time held no lure for Leon. He did not mind hard work, but he had read a lot about the dazzling successes won by men who had worked their way through college. So he enrolled in Swarthmore, Quaker but unconventional, and did everything from playing semipro baseball to selling stationery.

When the United States entered the World War, he enlisted as a private in the Ordnance Department, emerging two years later as a captain in charge of the Property Accounts Division. That was actually his initiation into a life career. "I saw the operations of the War Industries Board from close up, because I had to account for the stuff," he says today as he plunges into the job of managing the present wartime economy.

His big disappointment was that all his military service was at a desk on this side of the ocean; so as soon as he could, he worked his way to Europe. Once across, he bought himself a secondhand bicycle and went around looking at where the war had been. When his money was gone he stowed away on a ship America-bound. Even then his bulk made him difficult to hide, and he was discovered and hauled before the captain.

"I can shovel coal, sir," he said.

"This is an oil-burner," growled the skipper.

"I can typewrite." He made a dive for the captain's battered machine. "Look!" Before he could be stopped, he had tapped out something classical about a quick brown fox jumping over a lazy dog.

So Henderson worked his passage back to the United States typing lists of data about the dead soldiers the vessel was taking home. He re-entered Swarthmore as a junior and won his degree in 1920, adding a few jobs to his repertoire meanwhile. They included typing, selling Christmas cards, minding babies, and gardening.

He specialized in economics, and found the academic subject very remote from the practical use of the science in his army career.

"Economists have a tendency to be a little out of date," he observes. "They think backward instead of looking ahead. The body of economic thought was built up by the 'old masters,' and much of economic teaching today tries to refine and apply the old concepts to modern problems instead of looking the facts in the face."

His first real job after graduation was an assignment from Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania to reclassify the salaries of state employees, and that introduced him to politics. He had intended to teach, and from 1922 to 1923 had been associate professor of economics at Carnegie Institute, where he had shocked his colleagues by using both the Wall Street Journal and the Daily Worker as textbooks. But in 1923 he went to work for Pinchot, as unconventional a governor as Pennsylvania has ever had. Leon held the titles of Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, Secretary of the State Employees Retirement System, State Personnel Officer, and Director of Accounts. His salary was $5,000 a year. With the change of administration, his jobs were multiplied into $28,000 worth of patronage—for somebody else. He went to work for the Russell Sage Foundation, and he was Director of Remedial Loans, battling loan sharks and lobbying for consumer interests, when the New Deal erupted.

Leon's second job with Uncle Sam was under a general—Hugh S. Johnson, head of NRA. The Blue Eagle was designed to carry back prices from their disastrous depression low, and Johnson and Henderson met in head-on dispute at a public hearing. Leon argued for consumer protection through the mechanism of having prices lag rather than lead earning power, and he expressed himself so vigorously that the General leaned back in admiration. An economist who could talk like a cavalry sergeant! When Leon proved he was an economist by quoting Johnson to himself from the 1918 War Industries Board report, Leon had a job—special adviser on consumer problems.

A year later, in 1935, he was head of the NRA Research and Planning Division and economic adviser to the National Industrial Recovery Board, turning out such items as a "preliminary report on a study of the regularization of employment and improvement of working conditions in the automobile industry." That tract got him a reputation for radicalism because he advised the auto manufacturers to change their year-end unveiling of new models and arrange their output to avoid seasonal shutdowns and waves of unemployment.

When the Supreme Court plucked the Blue Eagle clean, he became economic adviser to the Senate Committee on Manufactures. In 1936 he was hired as economist to the Democratic National Committee. Charley Michelson said it was done because a national committee needs economists for the same reason a coat needs buttons on the sleeves: "They serve no useful purpose but they look nice."

Leon, who is the first to admit he doesn't look particularly nice, insisted on working, and supplied all the statistics which Franklin D. Roosevelt and lesser orators hurled at the Republicans. He was rewarded with appointment as Harry Hopkins' consulting economist for WPA soon after Roosevelt's second inaugural, and despite the fact that he had already made gloomy prophecy of the impending Depression Number 2.

☆

BY spring of 1937 he was making himself unpopular with his diagnosis that the national economic system was "suffering instability due to a drastic decline in private spending," and by identifying that decline with "the intensification of hatred for the President by the business community which . . . is penetrating to the middle classes."

Henderson got less attention than Noah did when building his ark. Roosevelt had just won his whopping victory over Alf Landon, the stock market was up, and the New Deal was talking balanced budget. So Leon sent another bulletin to the White House: "The administration's current policy might be described as a financial rather than an economic policy. It dates back, of course, to the pressure of business interests and conservative members of the Cabinet." He followed with "The system is threatened with unbalance by disproportionate price rises and a slide-off is due."

Then came the recession. In three months the national income fell off by a billion dollars; 3,800,000 persons lost their jobs; retail trade lost 10 per cent and business was back at the 1933 level.

"At that point I was discouraged about the New Deal," Henderson now admits. "It was evident something had to be done to break monopolistic control of prices and get the purchasing power into the hands of the people. I thought we were going to hell in a wheelbarrow."

He decided to quit when a large corporation, impressed by his forecast, offered him $20,000 a year. Harry Hopkins prevailed upon him to remain with the government. Roosevelt accepted the Henderson advice that "purchasing power comes from private or public spending, and I just can't find where large increases in private spending are likely to be initiated." The administration went back to "pump-priming" and the downhill slide was stopped—for the time being, anyhow.

☆

HENDERSON persuaded the administration to make an exhaustive study of the price system, and thus the Temporary National Economic Committee was set up, with Henderson as its executive secretary. For two years it delved into the secrets of private business, tracing commodities from mine or field to consumer.

"The government spent $2,000,000 on the education of Leon Henderson," is the way side-line comment now runs in Washington; but one of the fruits of TNEC was the discovery of quantities of impressive evidence to bolster government prosecution of Nazi controls over American businesses. Even before that, Henderson had called in the Department of Justice's hard-hitting Joe Borkin, predicted the war, furnished the evidence of sly Nazi penetration of American industry, and thus launched the successful attack on Germany's economic war in the United States that was described by this correspondent in Liberty last August.

When the President established the National Defense Advisory Commission, Henderson was the natural choice for price commissioner on that seven-headed monster. He soon lost confidence in NDAC. His impatience with the industrialists who outnumbered the New Dealers on it was owing to their refusal to endorse his demand that the nation's production of aluminum, steel, and nitrates be hugely expanded. He will show you his charts and memoranda of a year ago, anticipating and predicting the now serious shortages in these essential materials; but then he was dubbed a radical for trying to inject more government into industry. Simultaneously he was accused of selling out to big business because he fought loud and hard for the tax amortization law by which industries are now allowed to charge off the cost of defense-plant expansion in their income-tax returns.

When, early this year, the President decided to junk the Advisory Commission and to start all over again with OPM and Knudsen at the head of it, Henderson betook himself to Florida, "madder than hell." The President permitted him to sulk while he himself went about reorganizing the defense set-up. Then he sent for him and put him in charge of the new Office of Price Administration and Consumer Supply, with arbitrary authority, since fortified by Congressional action, to put the lid on prices.

Working together now with Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., defense priorities chief, he wields a sharp ax whenever and wherever prices start to climb. He has set maximum prices for machine tools, scrap metals, steel, copper, and more than 300 other items. When the price of combed cotton yarn started to shoot upward, he trimmed it back, thus halting inflation in a great staple. He slapped down the powerful auto industry when it tried to boost prices in June. Pepper and cocoa showed signs of speculative price rises, and the syndicates controlling them were persuaded to behave. And so on. Henderson is bossing the American price system—and that includes permission for prices to rise if he thinks it permissible.

He is the toughest guy in the government to argue with, bar none, not even Secretary of the Navy Knox. He can overwhelm opponents, even on hard-boiled Congressional committees, by producing charts and graphs. "Here is what I predicted four years ago from these factors of supply and demand, production costs, wholesale prices, and technical position," he says. "The lines come together here, and the results were thus, as predicted."

☆

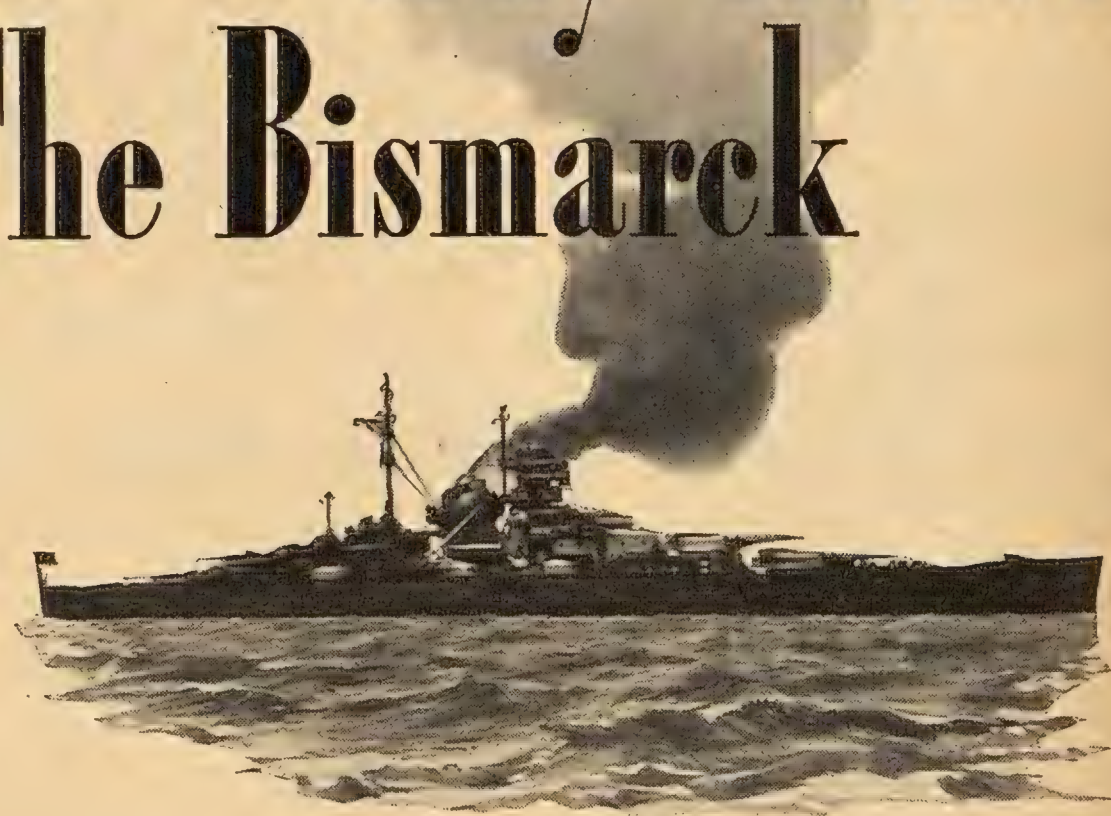
HE draws his information from all over the country and abroad. The factors that enter into his calculations are myriad, from the spring rainfall in Dakota to the British dislike for tomato juice. Every one is converted into a squiggly line on a chart, and when the lines cease progressing orderly and evenly, he knows trouble is brewing just as a sea captain knows from a falling barometer. He lives, breathes, dreams by prices.

Henderson has probably been called more names than Franklin D. Roosevelt has, and "Communist" is always heard first. I think that traces back to the Sunday he invited a group of persons working for Loyalist Spain to meet at his home, and the famed Dorothy Parker's attendance lured reporters and news photographers. One photographer took a candid-camera shot of the unsuspecting Dorothy to which Henderson objected. He wanted the film destroyed, and in his undiplomatic method of persuasion tossed the photographer through the plate glass of the Henderson front door—which is no way for a person in public office to secure good publicity. And although he is frequently seen at the National Press Club, where he goes to sample public opinion as reflected by newspaper correspondents, he has about the worst technique for getting a "good press" for himself that is possessed by any American, Charles A. Lindbergh included. Like the mule in the Arkansas traveler's tale, "he ain't blind, he just don't give a damn."

THE END

INSIDE GERMANY TODAY

Why Hitler Lost The Bismarck



BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

heard Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday over 100 Mutual Network stations

A remarkable series throws exciting light on secret plans and maneuvers behind the Nazis' biggest sea disaster

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ ALIAS Herr Klausmann, my "confederate" in the obtaining of uncensored information, is now beyond the Nazi danger zone. In fact, he is again in the United States, with health and alias still intact.

After obtaining the inside data, reported recently in Liberty, concerning the flight of Hess to Scotland and the program agreed upon between Hitler and Admiral Darlan, Alias Klausmann dispatched further inside information via the Clipper mail pouch before taking his own departure. This report details the aftermath of the Hitler-Darlan tie-up, also plans of the Nazi Naval High Command that resulted in the loss of the Bismarck.

I am recording the facts in sequence, thus reserving until the end the sensational story of the Bismarck. Had it ended according to the plans, the Battle of the Atlantic might by now be lost to the democracies.

Darlan thought his visit to Berchtesgaden had served to establish the foundation of mutual policy for the entry of France as a full partner in the Axis. Actually, Hitler had merely intimated that under certain conditions he would guarantee the territorial integrity of the French Empire. He had held out a bait that was tied securely to a string. In short, the carefully staged performance at the Berghof was meant to convince the ambitious Darlan that his own political fortunes, as well as those of France, would be best served by aiding in a quick defeat of the British Empire. In this, as future events proved, Hitler fully succeeded.

It has not been known that Hitler maintains at Vichy a spy organization larger and more effective than he does in any other European capital, with the possible exception of Rome. The majority of these informers are renegade Frenchmen. Hitler can easily pose as a friend of France since he is completely informed on all that goes on there.

The general impression remains that the Nazis still desire the reinstatement of Pierre Laval, former pro-Axis Vice-Premier, ousted by Pétain last December. This, according to all evidence gathered at Berchtesgaden, is definitely not the case. For lack of any better French tool, the Nazis had been using Laval. They knew well that the ordinary Paris politician, as exemplified by Laval, was a tight-rope walker—up today and down tomorrow. What Hitler wants in France is a stable set-up, backed by armed force and secure against parlor and petticoat politics.

Berlin also knew that, ever since the prewar ouster of Weygand as French generalissimo by the Socialist-Communist Popular Front under Léon Blum, respect in the officer corps for democratic tradition had been on the wane. When the Reynaud government fell, the army, headed by Marshal Pétain and Weygand, seized power. However, Pétain's age designated him as nothing more than a figurehead from the outset, while Weygand and his aides bore the stigma of defeat. Under these conditions Laval forged to the fore, but the Nazis knew that, because of his past reputation, he could never subordinate the army faction.

It was England who played into Hitler's hands. When the French battleship squadron at Oran was pounced upon by the British Mediterranean fleet last summer, it was not Weygand, to whom the fleet meant comparatively little, who protested. The one man who shouted loud enough to be heard even at Berchtesgaden was Darlan.

The admiral's godfather was the late Georges Leygues, millionaire owner of Parisian department stores, who was Minister of Marine for a number of years in successive French Cabinets. In 1925 Leygues appointed his godson as Assistant Chef de Cabinet at the Ministry of Marine. Promotions followed in quick succession. At forty-eight Darlan was made the youngest rear admiral in modern French naval history. In 1933 he inherited the larger part of the Leygues fortune. Thus it was not only ambition but financial interest which pushed him into Hitler's camp.

At the outbreak of the present war Darlan, then Chief of the Naval Staff, was strongly pro-British. It was he who, over the protests of fellow admirals, completely subordinated the French fleet to the British naval command. But all this was before Oran.

As commander of the only surviving French arm, he became jealous of the power held by the civilian Laval. Within the Navy Ministry he established a private propaganda bureau which told the French people that their undefeated navy should take the leadership in molding the nation's destiny. It distributed throughout unoccupied France some 50,000 handsome portraits of Admiral Jean François Darlan, suitable for framing. At the same time Darlan slowly undermined Laval's prestige with the Vichy government. He even accused him of selling out France to Hitler. When Laval was dismissed and placed under arrest, the hand of Darlan pulled the hidden strings. Yet only three days later, in Paris, Darlan gave Abetz his personal assurance that Vichy's policy of collaboration with Germany would suffer no setback.

Hitler was wary at first. But Darlan had patience. He permitted the affairs of the Vichy government to fall into chaos, then sold himself to Pétain as the only man who could handle the situation successfully. He was already Minister of the Navy. One at a time, he brought under his personal control the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, and Propaganda and Information, and then the Vice-Premiership. He culminated his concentration of power by being constitutionally designated successor to Pétain as Chief of State. In all important government posts he installed navy men loyal to himself. Thus, by the time of his meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, he was virtually confirmed as Führer of a totalitarian France.

* * *

ON his return to Vichy from Berchtesgaden, he deliberated at length with Marshal Pétain. Later a full Cabinet session was called, in which he gave a detailed account of his discussions with Hitler. He then submitted his own proposal for French action. His chief contentions ran along these lines:

Germany was certain to win the war, and it was merely a question of how soon. The longer the war, the worse off France would be. The larger part of her metropolitan territory must remain under German occupation for military reasons. Financially, she would be bled white. The pick of her man power would remain in Nazi prison camps. Her food problem would become more acute, until the masses rose in rebellion. French economy, agricultural and industrial, would be reduced to chaos. France's colonies would be wrested from her by the British or by French rebels in British pay. She would sink to the level of a third-class Power, never to rise again.

Having presented this gloomy prospect, Darlan drew an alternative picture. In the event of a quick German victory achieved with French aid, France would retain her territorial integrity, with the possible exceptions of Syria and Djibouti, for which compensation might be obtained elsewhere. Italy and Spain would be compensated at the expense of Great Britain, which would leave French colonies intact. French prestige would emerge from its present depths and rise to new heights. France would enter the New Order as an equal partner, on the same terms as Italy. The chances were that she might even displace Italy as Germany's chief partner in organizing and supervising the New Order. She would be rid of her present strangling financial burden, and might expect new prosperity. The whole world was undergoing revolutionary changes. If France clung to outdated reactionary traditions, she would find herself left hopelessly behind.

Darlan concluded with the statement that on one side was new life, on the other only national extinction.

After hectic sessions lasting two days, the Cabinet approved his plan without a dissenting vote. Marshal Pétain went on the air, voicing approval of the admiral's negotiations with Hitler. The propaganda office got busy selling the full collaboration idea to the French people while avoiding the use of the word *alliance*.

Almost the entire Vichy Cabinet went to Paris for a five-day discussion of the new tie-up. The chief French negotiators were Darlan and General Huntziger, Minister for Defense. The Germans were represented by Otto Abetz for the Berlin Foreign Office, Field Marshal von Reichenau for the Nazi High Command, and General Stuelpnagel for the German army of occupation. Various details were submitted to the French Cabinet, which passed on them then and there. By this method Darlan protected himself against the possible accusation of having acted singlehanded.

Specifically, his plan, aside from economic angles, was this: France could not very well start her new policy by entering into an outright military alliance with the Reich and declaring war against England. French popular opinion might not accept such a sharp reversal. The troops in the African colonies might become recalcitrant. There was the attitude of the United States to be considered.

* * *

HOWEVER, the French equatorial colonies were under the rebel regime of General de Gaulle. France not only had the right but it was her duty to put down rebellion against her legal government by force of arms. Moreover, she was obligated to take such action by the terms of her armistice with Germany.

French action against these rebels would put the issue squarely up to England. The British had officially recognized the de Gaulle regime. If they stood by idly while France reconquered her own colonies, British prestige would take a terrific fall. On the other hand, if British forces went into action against France, Britain herself would be guilty of starting war. In that event French forces, land and naval, could go into action anywhere, with full public approval, and a military alliance between France and Germany would be a logical step. (At that time, it should be remembered, Britain had shown no intention of a military move in Syria.)

For military operations against her dissident African colonies, France needed two things. First, war equipment and ammunition stores then in North Africa were insufficient for a large-scale offensive. All equipment in France had been seized by the Germans under the armistice terms, and the release of sufficient quantities would be necessary.

Second, since the released equipment must be transported across the western Mediterranean, the British must somehow be made to withdraw their naval forces there for the time being. France could do nothing about this. It was entirely up to Germany.

The Nazi negotiators agreed to release the equipment. As to Darlan's second need, that was something on which only the German Supreme Command could decide. Now comes the story that culminates in the sinking of the Bismarck:

* * *

FORTUNATELY for Vichy, it so happened that Hitler, too, was pondering the problem of the British Mediterranean blockade. He then faced the necessity of throwing heavy equipment into Libya. He had already decided upon an air invasion of Crete. This, he calculated, would draw the entire British eastern Mediterranean fleet to the defense of this island base. But there would still be the western Mediterranean fleet, based on Gibraltar, which could easily cut the Axis communications.

For a while Hitler toyed with the idea of sending the battle cruisers Gneisenau and Scharnhorst on another Atlantic raiding expedition, in order to lure the Gibraltar squadron away from its base. (According to Klausmann's report, those two capital ships are not stationed at Brest, as commonly believed. His story is that the Germans rigged up two obsolete French ships to look like them and stationed these two at Brest as a lure for British bombers. Actually, he says, the two Nazi warships are safely berthed in the Loire River estuary.)

The German Naval Command vetoed the Gneisenau-Scharnhorst idea as inadequate. Any one of the three British battle cruisers Hood, Renown, and Repulse could alone catch up with the two and engage them successfully.

It was then that the lords of the Nazi navy hit upon a daring idea.

A war council was held at Berchtesgaden on May 18, just as the Cretan invasion was about to get under way. The principal conferees were Hitler, Grand Admiral Raeder, Fleet Admiral Luetjens, and Field Marshal Keitel. The picture of Nazi naval strength, as then presented, was as follows: The Gneisenau and Scharnhorst were in French coastal waters. The 37,000-ton Bismarck was at Trondheim Fjord, ready for action. Her sister superdreadnought, the new Tirpitz, was on a trial cruise in Norwegian waters.

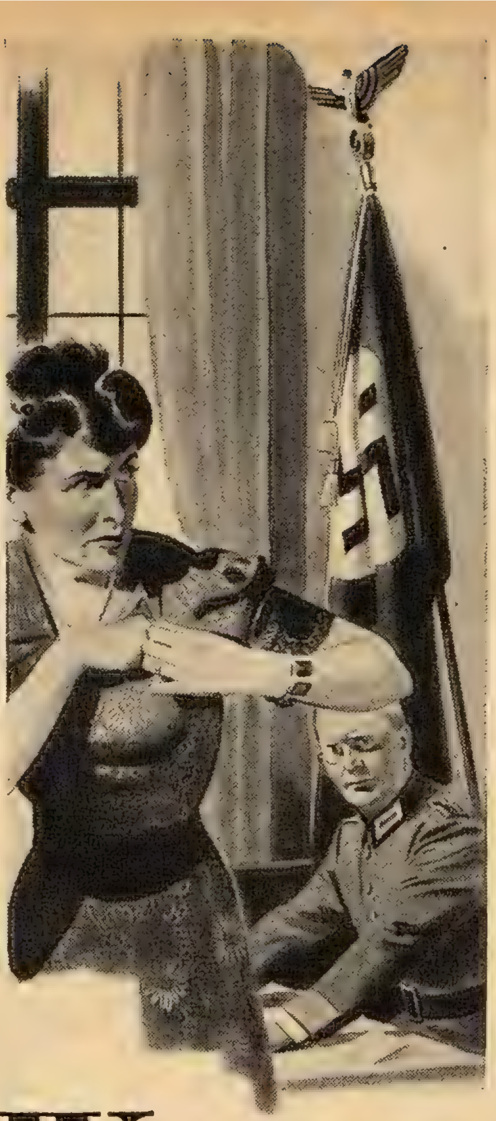
Hitler at first insisted that both the Bismarck and the Tirpitz be sent out

(Continued on page 53)

Weapons of War

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT



☆ YOUNG Herr Winkler, whose duty it was to keep the conquered villagers of Verneille under surveillance, frowned in annoyance at the tall straight woman on the other side of the desk. She had graying black hair and black eyes and she held her head high. It was her pride that irritated him. And her stubbornness.

"Mme. Coqueton," he said, "you have taken into your home twelve village children whose fathers are either dead or prisoners of war. You have fed them—probably with illegally acquired food—and now you have smuggled in *shoes* for them. Obviously you must have got those shoes from outside the Occupied Territory. Therefore you sent money out—and that is not to be tolerated! I insist on knowing who brought them to you!"

Mme. Coqueton, though she seemed calm, had never in her life known so choking an aversion for any one as for this blond fleshy agent of the Gestapo. She had hated him ever since he had caused the arrest of her husband because Dr. Coqueton had opposed a Gestapo search of his hospital at a time when he was operating. The doctor had died in a prison camp. Yet she wasn't thinking of her husband now; nor of Herr Winkler. She was thinking of Jules Galatin, who stoked coal on a P. L. M. train.

It was Jules who, with money Mme. Coqueton had given him, had bought the children's shoes in Unoccupied Territory. When his train, thundering northward, had passed through Verneille at midnight, he had cast out the boxes. Mme. Coqueton and Elise, her maid, had gathered them up. She couldn't sacrifice Jules.

Mme. Coqueton's hand touched the front of her dress. When she heard the crackling of paper, she caught her breath in panic. That morning, in the bosom of her dress, she had pinned five one-thousand-franc notes—part of the money her husband had left in a strongbox. She had intended to give the notes to Jules today, to buy warm clothes for the children.

Herr Winkler said, "You waste my patience, madame. I expect a visit from the district chief this morning. I will hold you for him."

He ordered her out. On the way to the door, with her back to him, Mme. Coqueton touched the bank notes. Would he accept the money as a bribe to forget her offense? Possibly. She could not speak of it without the risk that the guards outside would hear. But she unpinned the notes and let them drop to the floor, as casually as if she had lost them.

☆ THE money had no effect. Half an hour later she was back in the office. Herr Winkler stood beside the window now. The chair he had occupied was filled by the enormous bulk of the district Gestapo chief.

"We have no time to waste, madame," the chief said bluntly. "You will either tell me who smuggled those shoes into the village, or I shall have you placed under military arrest."

Mme. Coqueton was about to refuse when a strange idea struck her. "Do you mean," she asked, "that if I do tell, you will not order my arrest?"

A shrewd look crinkled the eyes of the district chief. If a ruse could persuade the woman to talk, why not use it? He said, "Exactly, madame."

Mme. Coqueton turned to Herr Winkler. "In that case I can no longer help myself, can I?" she said. "You must see, Herr Winkler, that in war one must save oneself first." She looked back at the district chief. "Herr Winkler brought me the shoes. I paid him very well."

Herr Winkler was stupefied. In the midst of his confusion he remembered the bank notes Mme. Coqueton had dropped. He had not mentioned them to his chief, who would probably have appropriated them.

"What *is* this, Winkler?"

"A lie!" cried Winkler. "I never took a centime from this woman!"

Bewildered, Mme. Coqueton protested to the district chief, "But only today, before you arrived, in this very office, I gave him five thousand francs to bring me clothes for the children. He told me he would have to let you speak to me about the shoes first—a formality. But he assured me I had nothing to fear."

"It's a lie!" shouted Winkler.

Mme. Coqueton looked at him almost pleadingly. "I am sorry, Herr Winkler, but I have no way of remaining out of prison except by telling the truth. Surely the money must still be in your pocket. It is easy enough to identify—five one-thousand-franc notes with a pinhole through them. They were pinned inside my dress."

The district chief was pale when he rose. "Let me see the contents of your pockets, Winkler," he said. "This woman accuses you of treason. We can settle it at once."

"She dropped the money!"

"So? And you did not report it? Empty your pockets. . . ."

☆ AS she had suspected, Mme. Coqueton found that, despite the chief's promise, she was not to be released. At noon she sat between a sergeant and a private in a truck that lurched northward—the same truck in which Herr Winkler, a prisoner under guard, sat fuming against a charge of treason.

At home, Mme. Coqueton reflected, Elise knew where the strongbox was hidden. She and Jules would look after the children. . . .

The sergeant, who had been wondering about her arrest, finally shook his head. "You French are a strange people," he murmured. "To oppose us after you have been conquered."

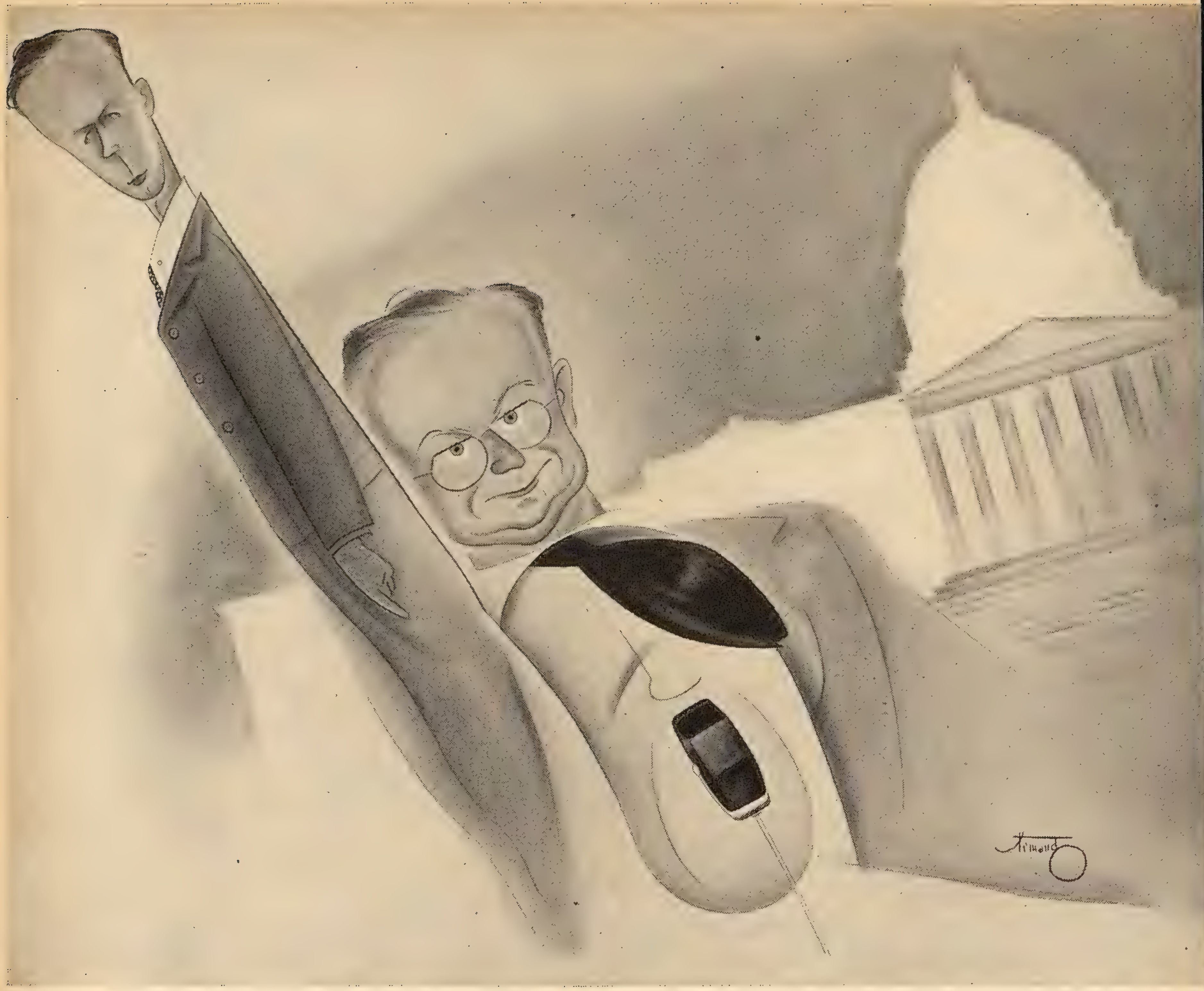
Mme. Coqueton looked at him oddly. "We have not been conquered, m'sieu'. Only betrayed."

"What difference? You have lost everything."

"No, not everything." Mme. Coqueton's voice became meditative. "Oh, our shoes, perhaps—yes. And our clothes. And our money. Even our freedom. Such things invaders can confiscate. But the *wit* of France? Ah, no, m'sieu', never that. One cannot confiscate wit. In the end our wit will rise to confound all invaders." She bent forward to glance toward the rear of the truck; and she asked, "Is it not so, Herr Winkler?"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

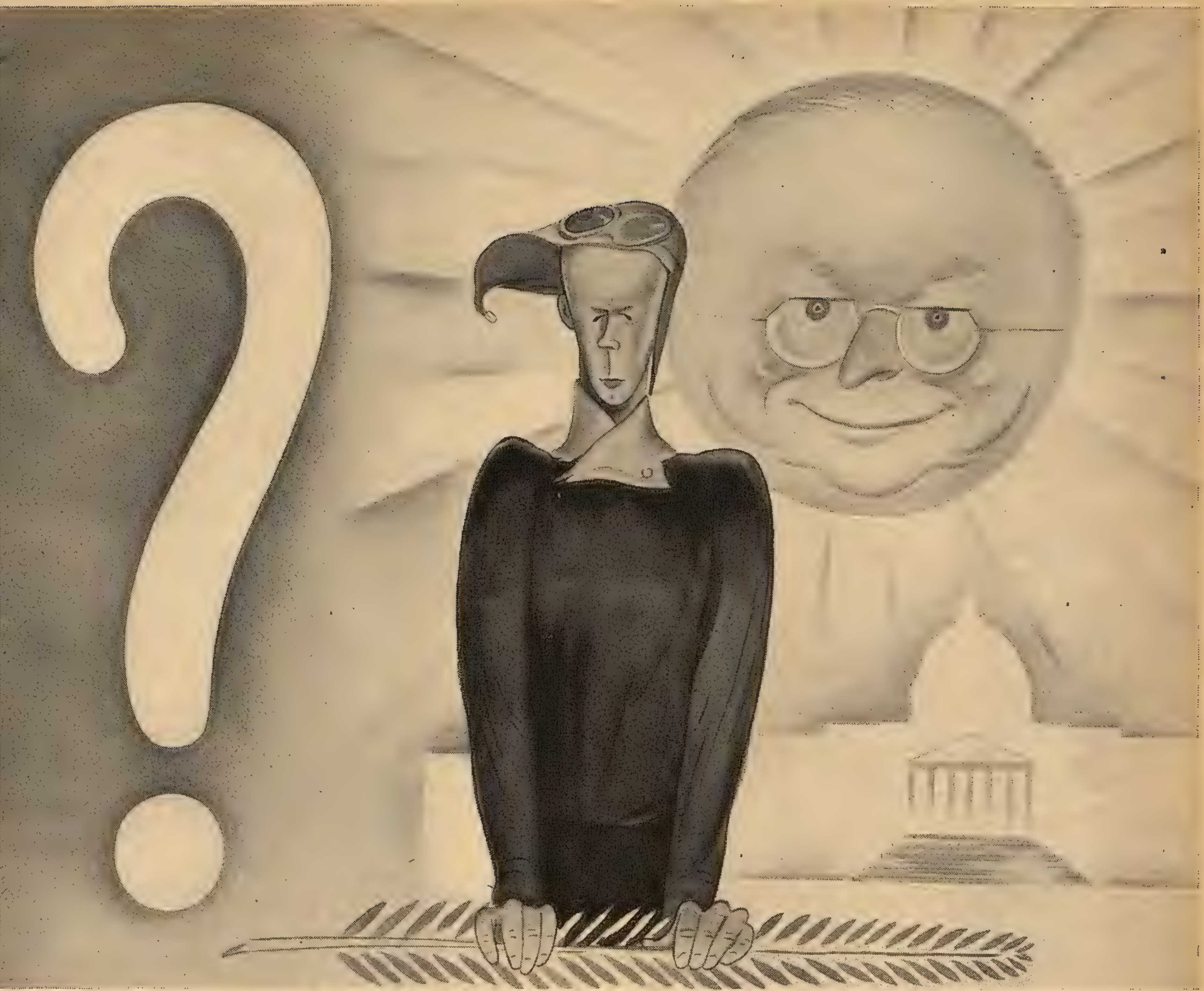
Whether isolationism prevails or the United States goes to war, Wheeler and Lindbergh bid fair to have, in 1944, a real opportunity to head an anti-Roosevelt Presidential ticket. The question, Mr. Collins thinks, is whether the two will be able to stick together until '44. Sticking together with associates has been anything but the long suit of either. Wheeler helped Jim Farley raise money for the '32 preconvention campaign for Roosevelt; he has himself told Mr. Collins how he got Joseph P. Kennedy to put up $5,000—"a lifesaver." Yet he was not long in breaking with Roosevelt once the President was in office.

Mr. Collins agrees with Washington wiseacres that Wheeler would be the '44 candidate for President. He doubts if the Senator would yield first place to anybody; also, if Lindbergh has any illusions about his own qualifications as a first-place candidate.

Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together

PART THREE—THE MR. SMITH WHO REALLY WENT TO WASHINGTON

☆ AS we have seen, some people who have given the matter thought believe that the anti-Roose-



velt ticket at the next election will be Lindbergh and Wheeler or Wheeler and Lindbergh.

It should make very little difference whether they run as independent Democrats or just independents or what-have-you's. The question of whether the country is to approve or reprove the Rooseveltian war policy is sure to transcend party names and issues.

If the nominating conventions were being held right now—and assuming the willingness of both men to accept either place—the first of the two suggested tickets would be the likely choice. In 1944, however, for reasons which seem controlling in the eyes of practical political prognosticators, the reverse is apt to be true.

Those who know Burt Wheeler best believe the ballot will read Wheeler and Lindbergh, or else—meaning somebody else than Lindbergh!

It might be Wheeler and Lewis.

It might be Wheeler and Kennedy.

In any event, Burton Kendall Wheeler, the less known personally but the better known politically of the two men who are now leading the isolationist assault on the policies of the present administration, is strategically so important that he rates our closest scrutiny.

A great deal has been written about what he has done but surprisingly little about what he is. Inquiry on the latter subject, directed without fear or favor to his friends and enemies—and to himself—uncovers some curious facts and some very significant ones.

For example, on the curious side, lots of people don't know it, but Senator Wheeler was the original Mr. Smith who went to Washington. The first title of that movie was The Gentleman from Montana.

The scenario was based on fledgling Senator Wheeler's daring attack on President Harding's friend, Attorney General Daugherty, which drove the latter from public life and made the young crusader's place in that life secure. There were changes, of course, in the picture version. Jimmy Stewart

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Thought-provoking pros and cons of a puzzling partnership . . . Is the White House its goal?

got Jean Arthur. All Burt Wheeler has gotten so far is a lot of people's goats.

Incidentally, there was even more drama in the real life of Mr. Smith's battle with the grafting politicians than appeared on the screen. Before Burt finally got Daugherty's goat—officially and finally, I mean—the Attorney General sent his agents out to Montana with instructions to "get something on" Wheeler. They came up with a sieve of a case about an oil concession which the Senator was said to have tried to wangle for a law client. There was nothing to it, of course. Tried in Montana in 1925, the case resulted in an acquittal in ten minutes; revived in the District of Columbia, it was thrown out of court.

☆ MY own memory of Wheeler goes back to that suit. The night after it was dismissed, he and Mrs. Wheeler celebrated in New York with their attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays, by attending the Ziegfeld Follies, of which Will Rogers was the presiding genius. Hays had fixed it up with Rogers, who was in the habit of asking notables in the audience to take a bow, to include the then little known Westerner on his "celeb" list.

I happened to be sitting in an adjoining seat, and I remember well the young legislator's bashful bewilderment on finding himself suddenly drawn into the New York spotlight as an honest victim of the gentle heckling of lovable Will. Burt remembers it well, too. It was a big night in his life. I was talking with him about it not long ago, and he flushed with pleasure—I almost said blushed—as he mused:

"Yes; Nick Longworth was there that night, and he was introduced, too."

The Senator hasn't changed much. He is a little thinner on top, perhaps, but not much ampler out front, and the keen eyes peer no less searchingly, the expansive mouth smiles no less easily, the long nose points no less inquisitively, the ready tongue wags no less profanely. With the years, however, has come poise. "Bellicose Burton" is less rumpled now, and much less bashful, and not at all bewildered. The Wheeler of 1941 knows all the answers. Though we may not always agree with him—I know I don't about his current hobby, isolationism!—we have to admit that he says whatever he has to say with a force that carries conviction. He has a lot on the ball.

Another of the things many people don't know is that this Gentleman from Montana is originally from a snug little New England town in Massachusetts, close by where his Quaker ancestors settled nearly three hundred years ago. And perhaps this fact should be labeled "curious *and* significant."

It is curious, surely, to hear a representative of a Far Western state talk with that nasal Cal Coolidge twang which helps to differentiate Senator Wheeler on the kilocycles from fellow members of the Midwestern and Far Western isolationist group.

It is significant—at least, it may be—that the Senator's Quaker ancestors sailed from England to the United States at a period in British history when nonconformists and refusers to bear arms were about as popular as pacifists and appeasers are today.

Writes Scribner's Commentator, isolation's family Bible:

"He is a direct descendant of Quaker stock that fled England because of religious persecution there. The first Wheeler to arrive here came from Odell, England, and settled at Concord, Mass., where he became owner of considerable property and was made a 'freeman' in 1641. The Wheelers took active part in the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, and it was while riding from Old Mother Wheeler's Inn on the Concord Road to the Battle of Lexington with his six sons that old Asa Wheeler had his horse shot from under him by a Redcoat. But that didn't stop Asa in that battle for the principles in which he believed—any more than did the President's recent charges of 'dastardly' and 'unpatriotic' halt Asa's lineal descendant in his present-day fight for the same principles."

Thus it may also be significant that those New England Wheelers sank their religious scruples against engaging in mortal combat to the extent of fighting the British Redcoats in the wars of 1776 and 1812.

And what bearing has all this on Burt Wheeler's attitude toward the British today? Well, three hundred years is not too long for a persecution complex or a cherished hatred to last in a family's blood strain or in a nation's; and although the Senator insists—in fact, he told me in so many words—that he has always been pro-Ally when he has been pro-anything, it may be that the old unspoken Quaker resentment against England is coming out in descendant Burton at this late date.

Anglophobia is a most durable disease. Otherwise sane people are still licking their lips over the tea that sank in Boston Harbor, and some go so far as to castigate Richard the Lion-Hearted for oppressing the Saracens!

☆ THE current Wheeler is not a Quaker. He is a Methodist, a Mason, and an Elk. But he still sees eye to eye with George Fox, the original Quaker, who said: "When the Lord sent me forth into the world, He forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low." And, much as we may disagree with him, fairness should make us admit that he has, by his utter independence, earned a right to share that reluctant tribute which Oliver Cromwell paid to the early Quakers:

"I see there is a people risen that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices or places."

Be that as it may, Burt was born February 27, 1882, the youngest of ten children in the family of a Quaker shoemaker who tried to eke out a meager income by part-time farming. Graduated from Hudson High School the same June that Franklin Roosevelt was being graduated from nearby fashionable Groton, the shoemaker's son got himself a bookkeeper's job, saved $750 in two years, and went westward to Ann Arbor, seat of Michigan's famed university, to prepare himself for a legal career.

This same year, 1902, Charles Augustus Lindbergh was born.

Now, campus life at the University of Michigan, as at many another great American educational institution, is an excellent preparation for a Senatorial career, since it consists of a continuous battle of political intrigue between the "ins" and the "outs," the "frats" and the "barbarians." Burt was a barbarian, a leader of barbarians, a champion of the outs against the ins and, not so incidentally, of the "have-nots" against the "haves." For a bank failure during freshman year grabbed $500 of his $750 and converted his college career into a stern succession of dishwashing and table waiting and cookbook selling, which left him with few illusions and not much health. No wonder the matured Wheeler has never been overfond of bankers!

In 1905, pursuing his lost health, he packed his law degree in his kit bag and set out—on a freight train, probably, but he didn't tell me about that—in the general direction of the golden climate of California. One place where he stopped off was Butte, Montana.

☆ TIMES had been lush for lawyers in Montana during the years of the "copper kings'" rivalry, but now Anaconda had everything pretty much under control. Injury compensation cases on a highly speculative basis were about all the law business likely to fall to the lot of a young attorney. And Burt had only fifty dollars in the world. So there was nothing in the great sprawling mining town of Butte to tempt him to stay there.

But overland trains were fewer than now, and while he was waiting for one to take him away he was drawn into a friendly game of poker with two pleasant-faced Gaylord Ravenals of the mining camps. When one of them dealt him four kings, he decided to go all out for Burton—fifty bucks' worth. It was a good idea and might have worked if the dealer hadn't taken the precaution to deal his confederate four aces.

So Burton stayed in Butte, and became in due course the Gentleman from Montana.

"What does that signify?" I asked. "That you should or should not play cards for money?"

Burt Wheeler dodged that one. "It signifies," he said, "that it is foolish to try to plan your life."

"Ever play poker now?"

He could. He has the face for it and, heaven knows, the temperament!

"Oh, well, once in a while," he grinned.

But to get back to Butte: The going wasn't so easy at first—a fifty-dollar-a-month job collecting bills. However, at the end of six months' collecting, Burton K. Wheeler, attorney at law, hung out his sign on Butte's main street or thereabouts.

At this time, 1906, Charles Augustus Lindbergh was four years old.

After the usual dreary wait, clients began coming to the young attorney, most of them on crutches, seeking compensation from the company for injury in the mines.

So, from the start, lawyer Wheeler found himself, perforce as well as per inclination, in the opposition, and he has been in the opposition ever since.

Although his first cases were nothing, his conduct of them was something. Never in the whole history of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company had a busted leg or arm or rib achieved so high a commercial value. Then, one morning, one of the town's best known lawyers, Max Tinning, walked into the young man's office and greeted him with:

"Hello, partner!"

"What d'ye mean, partner?" said Burt, or words to that effect.

"You and I are going into partnership, fifty-fifty. You attend to the law and I'll attend to the politics."

That was O. K. with Wheeler. His own ambition was to become a great lawyer. Besides, he knew that Max Tinning had the political connections without which few new law firms succeed. "Politics," he has told me, "was the last thing I wanted to get into."

But the time came when Max and his friends in politics needed an additional name to fill their slate of delegates to the state convention, and they stuck in Burt's. And a little later, when the big bosses needed an upstanding young man to help represent Silver Bow County in the legislature at Helena, they persuaded Tinning to persuade Wheeler to take the seat. But before the first session was over they greatly regretted it. Burt was, as usual, in the opposition.

This year, 1911, Charles Augustus Lindbergh was nine years old.

☆

WHAT Burt was opposed to in that first session was the bosses' attempt to prevent Montana's first citizen, Thomas J. Walsh, from going to the United States Senate. Senators, in those days, were elected by state legislatures. He began voting for Walsh and—despite most tempting offers—continued to vote for him to what proved the bitter end.

"Now you've done it," the boys told him. "You couldn't be elected dog-catcher in Butte."

And for a long time they seemed to be right. Incensed, Burt Wheeler started out to try for almost every important office within the gift of the Montana electorate. Usually, if he could have had the support of his own county, Silver Bow, he would have won. Without it, he narrowly but consistently lost.

"The company will shut down the mines."

"The banks will foreclose the mortgages."

That's what the bosses told the voters would happen if this "dangerous radical," Wheeler, were ever elected.

It was about this time that Burt Wheeler adopted his hard-boiled motto: *"If I don't get them, they'll get me."*

"The story of how he grew sour on the world," says an astute observer, "is less tragic than Lindbergh's but equally illuminating. Wheeler's world is peopled with greedy politicians and international bankers plotting ruthlessly and cunningly behind the scenes to exploit the masses of the people for their own benefit. As far as he personally is concerned, life has been a battle to the death between these forces of evil and Burton K. Wheeler."

"Busy, mom? I brought some friends home for lunch."

Meanwhile the Seventeenth Amendment, calling for election of United States senators by popular vote, had been ratified, and Tom Walsh, long the people's choice, had gone to Washington. And Walsh did not forget the young lawyer who had risked his all to fight for him and for the liberal principles for which he stood. In 1913, by appointment of President Wilson, Burton Kendall Wheeler became United States Attorney for the Department of Montana.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh was eleven years old.

In his new office Wheeler refused to yield to the war hysteria which made every man or woman with a German name or accent an object of suspicion. He held that German-Americans had civil rights and that it was his duty to protect them. And he did until 1918, when he resigned to practice law and repair his political fences, weakened by his protests against our entry into the World War.

That same year Charles Augustus Lindbergh was graduated from the Little Falls (Minnesota) High School.

It would not be fair to say that the Wheeler who returned temporarily to private life was an embittered man. Nevertheless, he was more than ever convinced of the wisdom of his motto: "If I don't get them, they'll get me." Put upon though he was by the rich and great, he did such a good rehabilitation job on those political fences of his, and the smooth Wheeler personal political machine was so efficient, that in 1923 he went to Washington to join his political sponsor, Thomas J. Walsh, on the floor of the Senate.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh in 1923 was old enough to vote.

Along the way Burt Wheeler had accumulated a wife and five children. He now has six; the youngest arrived shortly after the family reached Washington. All are important to him, but none so important as their mother.

Burt Wheeler, boy, had met Lulu White, girl, when he was selling cookbooks to keep himself in law school. And he had never lost sight of her even in the hardest days of his struggle to make ends meet in Montana. In 1907, two years after graduation, he went back to Albany, Illinois, and claimed his Lulu for his own. Today she helps take care of his now voluminous correspondence, is a prominent member of the American First Committee, is generally credited with urging on him his present advanced isolationist stand. Rumored a Roosevelt hater, she has been quoted as saying that her children are not in the news "because they don't get divorced or arrested for speeding."

☆

THE Wheelers seem extremely happy among themselves. Bellicose but beatific, one might say. They live in Washington in a big white wooden house with one servant. They also have a home in Butte and a log cabin in Glacier National Park.

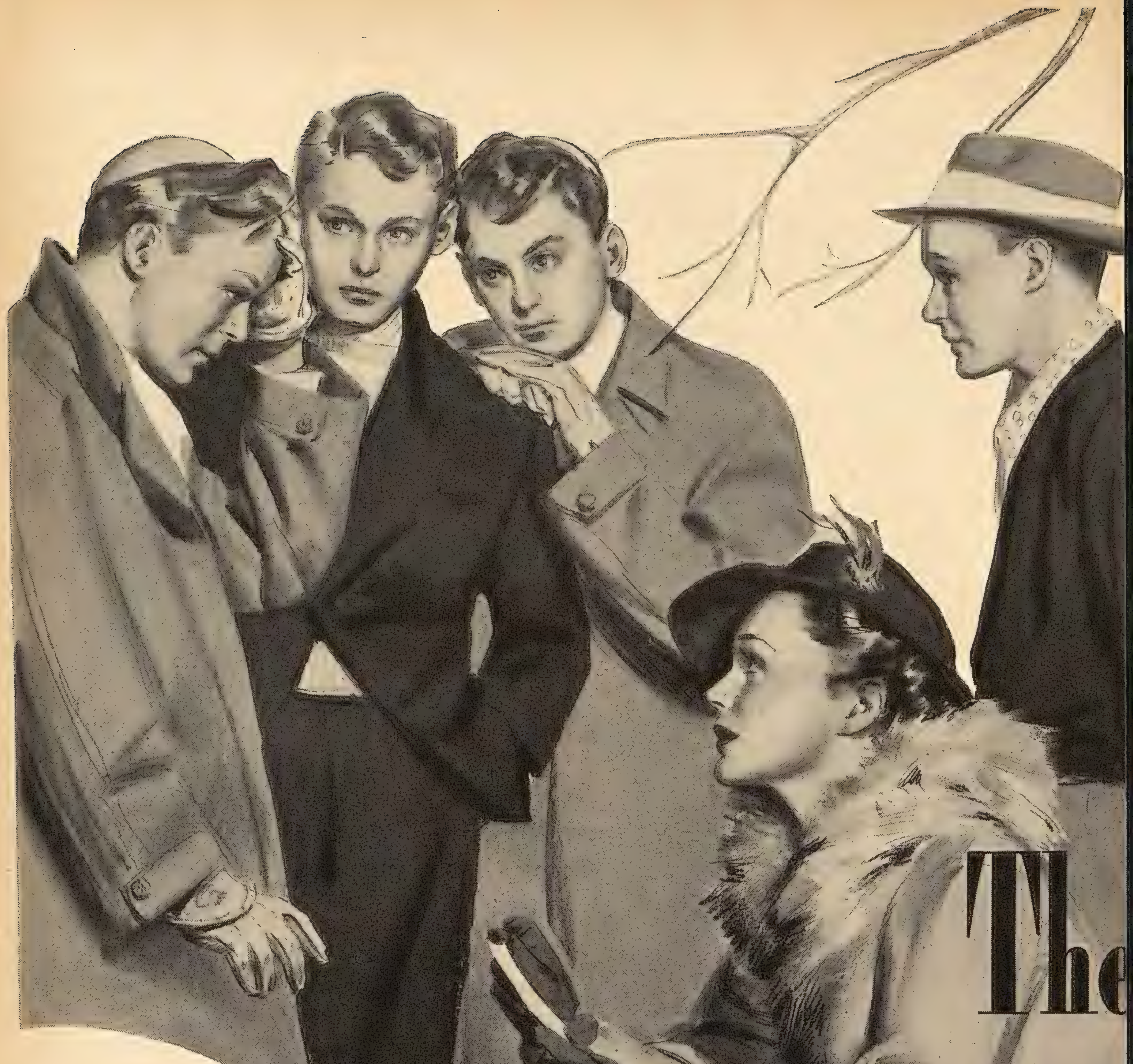
Wheeler isn't wealthy; neither is he poor. He has his Senatorial salary and the income from a small hotel in Butte which he has owned since his pre-Senatorial days. He also picks up a fair-sized fee from a client every once in a while when Congress is not in session. Except for the necessities of life, a little hunting and fishing, a bit of golf with Mrs. Wheeler before breakfast, and uncountable cigars, he has very little use for riches.

He has even less use for those who have them. He is genuinely interested in getting a better deal for the common man.

Hewing to this line, the Mr. Smith who came to Washington in 1923 carved out a career for himself as the baiter of graft and privilege. He became the spearhead of the New Deal's legislative attack until he broke with Roosevelt over the Supreme Court.

Then—and will he live to rue the day?—he met Charles Augustus Lindbergh!

How long has he been seeing eye to eye with Lindbergh? And what is his version of that conversation in 1935 in which, according to Ambassador Dodd's Diary, published in Liberty, "German domination of Europe" was advocated by a "well known senator" —whom President Roosevelt later identified as Senator Wheeler? In Liberty next week, Mr. Collins' concluding article will tell you!



The

Carstairs Major said—and he still sounded stupid: "That's Uncle George."

ILLUSTRATOR
JOHN POLGREEN

Sound of Trumpets

A searching, eloquent story of youth and war . . . and a woman who found wisdom

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ HALLIDAY wished his mother wouldn't call him "Dickie." He wished she hadn't insisted on driving him back to School. Parents at School were all right at the proper places and the proper times; but what they never seemed to understand was that School was another world—a little world all by itself.

Dad was different: dad would have understood.

A long line of army trucks was held up by the red light at the crossroads, and they were full of men in civilian hats and overcoats. The men were singing, and a sergeant leaned out to shout: "Pipe down, you guys! You're in the army now."

Mrs. Halliday stepped on the accelerator and they slid past the trucks. She said, "I still can't see what gave your brother that insane idea."

Sometimes mum talked to you as if you were already grown up; sometimes she seemed to think you were only six. It was quite confusing, Halliday thought, and he sat back and scowled.

He was dark and lean and his cheeks had sudden hollows in them. He held onto his hat because it didn't stay on so well since he'd had that crew haircut. Dad had nearly laughed himself sick when he'd seen it, but mum had been mad.

She still was, but not about the haircut. She said, "I've decided to stay with Aunt Kate for a few days. So I'll be quite near School."

Halliday sighed. For it was awful when parents kept popping in on you. You were always out on the playing field or going down to the vill or boning up on your Latin, and then they came in and interrupted everything.

Mum said, "I want to talk to her about Jack."

Halliday looked at his mother, and the wisps of dark hair whipped out from under her hat as they always did. Her hat seemed to have been thrown on her head, too, and she'd missed a button when she did up her blue coat, so it was askew. Jack said mum hadn't stopped to look in a mirror in all her life.

Mum said, "I never did approve of his getting into it, anyway; but now he has, he'd be better off at some college or even down on the Cape. I never heard of such an idiotic thing in all my life!"

Mum didn't expect him to say anything. She was just talking at him, and that was a strange trick grown-ups had. Particularly parents.

If you did answer you'd be shut up; and besides, what you'd really want to say couldn't be put in words. It was so hard to make any one see it. It was all about Jack.

Jack was twenty-two, eight years older than he. Jack was tall and dark and very thin, and when he was happy his whole face laughed. But you had to know Jack pretty well to know him at all; even being his brother didn't help much.

Halliday remembered back before Jack had gone to Harvard, and then he'd been painfully shy. He'd been so shy and unsure of himself that some one had bullied him into going into the R. O. T. C. The slow thoughts went through Halliday's head that Jack had been horribly frightened when they'd first put him on a horse. Jack was almost always frightened of things, because he imagined them before they happened.

Jack had changed a lot that first year, and the summers when he'd been at Fort Ethan Allen had changed him more. Halliday remembered how he'd come home in his o. d. shirt and his khaki breeches, brisk and neat and dapper, swaggering a little in his high field boots. He hadn't been the old Jack at all—the old Jack who wore a battered hat and stained slacks and a coat flung on anyhow.

Jack had shouted out, "Hi, Peanut! Come on upstairs and help get me organized," and he'd never done that before.

Jack had always been slow and reserved and sensitive, and now he suddenly wasn't any more. He'd burst out at his brother in a flood of talk, and Halliday could remember some of the phrases now: "the best battalion"; "you have to look after the men, you know"; "dry firing's not so much fun"; "you have to get your staff work right."

It hadn't been the words at all, because most of them didn't mean anything. It had been the way Jack said them, eager and quick and excited.

Dad had grinned; dad had even sung a song that began, "The cannoneers have hairy ears." But mum hadn't caught it at all. Mum hadn't seen why Jack was different.

Mum hadn't noticed the books that began to be ranged on Jack's desk—Foch, Maurice, Turenne—and when Jack talked about "the double enveloping movement at Cannae," she hadn't known what he'd meant. Halliday hadn't either; but he'd found out, because somehow that old dim half-forgotten battle seemed important to his brother.

All through those years Jack had begun to seem a different person. He'd grown up all in a second, calm and serene and sure of himself. You only had to say the words "field artillery" and he was all aflame with eagerness.

Only mum hadn't seen it, because she was so busy.

Mum turned now. Mum said, "What on earth are you thinking about, Dickie?"

He couldn't really tell her, because it wasn't words—it was the sense and feel of things, things that had been so sharp in Jack's mind that he'd almost seen them himself.

Ethan Allen in the first faint dawn, with the sun just coming up and the bugles blowing sharp and clear and sweet; the cold clank of limbers as the battery rolled down the road; the quick clean way a big gun worked; the hot smell of country dust as you "shot a problem" somewhere out in the circling hills; the stars at night and a sentry's shadow slipping past your tent.

He said, "I'm not thinking about anything special, mum."

Jack was all through Harvard now, and mum had got him the job in the bank through Uncle Dave. Jack sat there sorting checks, and he seemed to be going far back inside himself—back to being slow and shy and unsure. And only his uniforms, hanging in the closet, still showed he was a lieutenant in the Reserve. It was as if some bright fire kindled within him was faintly flickering out.

He'd got the letter from the area corps headquarters just last week, and that was what mum was mad about. Jack had come downstairs in a rush, his thin face aglow. He'd said in a shout, "Hi, Peanut! Take a look, will you?"

* * *

IT hadn't been much more than a form, but Halliday could still remember some of it.

Would Lieutenant John Halliday state his preference for the following things:

1. Service with the regiment.
2. Service as an R. O. T. C. instructor.
3. School of Equitation.
4. School of Fire at Fort Sill.

Jack had flung his arm around him. Jack had said, quick and keen and eager, "I'm going to put in for Sill. School of Fire! Think of it, Peanut! When I come out you'll have to call me Captain Halliday!"

And then mum had made an awful fuss. Mum had said it was bad enough to have Jack called up and taken away from his good job in the bank, without his going off to some wild place in Oklahoma. Mum had said it was too far away and why couldn't Jack apply for a nice R. O. T. C. job at some college or even serve with the regiment? For the regiment was only going to the Cape.

She couldn't see the guidons snapping and the guns rolling up; she couldn't smell the hot, sweet dust; she couldn't hear the colonel say, "Now, gentlemen, in this particular problem—"

But Halliday could. He could see it because it was so sharp in Jack's mind: because Jack wanted to be a good officer, and that was what made him read the memoirs of Foch, Maurice on military strategy, and the life and times of that great marshal, Turenne.

Mum had said sharply, "It's all nonsense. You know enough about guns now."

And so the form lay upstairs on Jack's desk, still not filled out.

They turned the corner, and here was School, with Chapel's white-topped tower lifting above the trees.

They went through the great gate, and Halliday had forgotten how School felt. You always forgot till you came back, and then it was all just as it had always been. It was as if nothing bad could ever happen to you here because School would keep you safe.

There was Forsythe, half hidden behind its hedge: there was Ames with its great copper beech tree bare against the sky. And the old tree's leaves had whispered to you when you were new in School and only a scrub, trying to go to sleep in a strange place.

Mum stopped the car, and there was Fuzzy, gaunt and old, the gray fluff of whisker trembling on his chin and his pockets stuffed out of shape with papers. He was really Francis Pierce Adams, the headmaster, and they said he was a most distinguished classical scholar. Only you'd never know it.

Fuzzy came up, smiling as he always did when his boys came back. He said, "Why, Mrs. Halliday! Glad to see you back, Dick." He held out his hand. "How's Jack?"

It was queer to think that Jack was only an Old Boy now, one of the Old Boys who'd been here and gone away.

Mum said, "He has a good job in the bank, Mr. Adams, but they're going to call him up. He's a Reserve officer, you know. He has the insane idea he wants to go to the artillery school out at Fort Sill. Of course he can't."

Fuzzy said—and his voice was thin and cracked: "Jack was the only boy we ever had who took the slightest interest in the campaigns of Caesar." Fuzzy smiled. "I'm sorry to say that Cicero bored him."

* * *

MUM began to get back in the car, and Fuzzy said, "I had a letter from your husband. He said you were staying quite near here for a bit. Perhaps you'd come to tea with me at my house tomorrow. Shall we say about four?"

Mum said, "I'd be delighted, Mr. Adams," and then she and the car were gone.

Halliday stooped to pick up his suitcase, and Fuzzy looked old and gaunt and worn, as if he had something on his mind. Fuzzy was saying, "You'll find two new boys in your house, Halliday. I wish you'd try to be especially nice to them."

Halliday said, "Yes, sir. Sure, sir," and it was strange there should be two new boys after Christmas hols. He went into Wingate and up the dark stairs and down the hall, and it all seemed warm and friendly and familiar.

The study door was open, and Marshall was there already, hanging up his clothes. Marshall had bright blue eyes and golden hair and he'd be good-looking when he grew up to his hands and feet.

Marshall said, "Hi, Halliday!" and smiled.

Marshall never said much of anything and that was a great relief. And when he did say something it was usually so. Marshall had been his roommate now since School had opened this fall, and he'd been so quiet that Halliday really didn't know much about him yet.

Halliday asked, "Seen the new boys?" and Marshall said "No," and went right on straightening up his side of the room. After all the talk at home Marshall's quietness was very comforting.

Mr. Douglas put in his head at the door, and he was as dark and bronzed as ever with the military mustache marching straight across his upper lip. "Halliday! Marshall! Sorry to be back, I suppose? You'd better come along and meet the new ones."

Mr. Douglas had a crisp dry way of speaking, but he was a good housemaster for all that.

He said as they went down the hall, "They're English, but I wouldn't call them refugees if I were you. It can't be any too pleasant to be a refugee."

He rapped on a door and called out, "Hello, you in there!" He flung the door open and said, "Halliday and Marshall want to meet you. Carstairs Major on the bed; Carstairs Minor in the chair."

Halliday stared, and they were just alike except that Carstairs Minor was several sizes smaller. They both had thick dun-colored hair and their cheeks were a bold bright red. They stood up and their gray tweed coats were queerly cut.

Carstairs Major said, "Should we shake hands, sir?"

Mr. Douglas lounged in the doorway and looked amused. "We'll dispense with it. It's a quaint American custom."

Carstairs Major looked shocked. "Oh, no, sir. Certainly not, sir."

They were very odd boys, even if they were British, and Halliday tried hard to think of something to say. He said, "How do you like school?"

A small convulsion shook Carstairs Minor as if he were about to make a remark. He did. He observed, with all the gravity of a judge, "I never did like school and I never shall do."

Halliday jumped. That was just the sort of thing one didn't say, no matter how one felt.

Mr. Douglas was immensely diverted. He said, "A very frank sentiment, though seldom so clearly expressed. Maybe we'll change your mind about it, Carstairs. Come on, Halliday! Clear out! Chapel bell'll go in a minute."

They were out in the hall again and Marshall made one of his infrequent comments. Marshall said, "I don't think they like us much. If they did, they wouldn't be so darned polite."

Marshall paused and then issued another bulletin: "My mother's coming to tea with Fuzzy tomorrow. So's my sister Gerda. Gerda's not so bad—for a girl."

Halliday stared. Something must be the matter with Marshall because he was talking so much.

* * *

HE was immeasurably relieved when Marshall dried up entirely for twenty-four hours and then they were trotting across to the headmaster's house, doomed to the unknown terrors of Tea with Parents.

Marshall said, "Hate tea!" and put a firm finger on Fuzzy's doorbell.

Halliday flinched. Mum would be there and she'd insist on talking about

Jack. So would Marshall's sister be there, and he had an active horror of small girls.

He went in, and mum kissed him, and that was most embarrassing. Mum's hair was sticking out and there was a small rip in the sleeve of her black dress. On the living-room window seat, Carstairs Major and Carstairs Minor sat, owl-eyed, side by side.

A tall woman got up from a chair, and she had white bobbed hair and bright pink cheeks. Everything about her was neat and precise and trim. She said, and her voice was soft and low and comfortable, "Hello, Tom."

Marshall said, "Hello, mother. Here's Halliday"; and he wasn't making any fuss about it at all.

Mrs. Marshall shook Halliday's hand. She said, exactly as if he were her own age, "How do you do? I've heard a lot about you—most of it good."

THE AUTHOR

Gordon Malherbe Hillman, drama and music critic, has been a successful writer of short stories for many years. Born in Evanston, Illinois, he went to school in the East, wrote poetry for a time, then turned to fiction. He has worked for movie companies in Hollywood, a place which he found "pleasantly mad." He is equally at home in Chicago, Boston, and New York.

Halliday grinned, because Mrs. Marshall wasn't going to be any trouble. She'd always be calm and easy and comfortable, even in an earthquake.

She said, "Here's Gerda," and some one had a good firm grip on Halliday's hand. It was so firm a grip he winced, and Marshall's sister stood there, bright-eyed, bright-haired, almost like Marshall himself, except that her hands and feet were scaled to size.

She said, "Hello," and her voice was husky and nearly boyish.

She sat down placidly and smoothed out her dark blue skirt. Halliday thought that, as usual, Marshall's statement had been quite correct. Gerda was, of course, a girl, but otherwise entirely all right. She didn't fuss or fidget or even expect conversation.

Fuzzy loomed in the living room like a gaunt rusty sort of bird. Fuzzy said, "Since my daughter married, my teas have lapsed into disorder. Will you pour, please, Mrs. Marshall?"

Mrs. Marshall sat calm and placid behind a mound of cakes, and mum must have been talking about Jack, because she went right on.

Mum said, "I know you'll agree with me, Mr. Adams, that it's perfectly absurd for him to go way out to Fort Sill to some sort of artillery school."

Halliday felt all upset inside again because mum wanted Jack to stay stuck in the bank forever and the bank simply wasn't Jack's kind of world. Jack's world was outdoors in the wind and the sun; it was horses and dogs and dust underfoot and sky arching over. He didn't know how he knew that, but he did.

Mrs. Marshall tranquilly poured a cup of tea. She said, "What's the matter with Sill, Mrs. Halliday?"

Mum's hands were clenched in her lap and what had been way back in her mind all the time was coming out now. Mum said—and she certainly hadn't meant to: "I'm afraid if he goes out there he'll want to stay in the army. And he has a great chance in the bank."

Mrs. Marshall passed Fuzzy a cup of tea. She said calmly, "Some people like the army, Mrs. Halliday. I know the colonel did, though he used to curse it sometimes."

Gerda stopped eating her piece of cake. She said reflectively, "Dad certainly could swear."

Fuzzy stood there, blinking a little in the late light. "Your husband was in the service all his life, wasn't he, Mrs. Marshall?"

Mum's teacup rattled in its saucer, but Mrs. Marshall was quite calm. "Oh, yes. West Point. And then the Philippines. The Colonel was a cavalryman."

Mrs. Marshall went on: "Tom was born in the Philippines. In a flood. And the doctor didn't get there till it was all over. More tea, Mrs. Halliday?"

Mum said in a sharp little gasp, "Weren't you frightened to death?" and Mrs. Marshall considered that. She said, "No; not much. You get used to things in the service." She nodded at Gerda. "She came into the world under more respectable circumstances—out at Fort Riley."

Mum looked quite odd, and Carstairs Major and Minor suddenly came to life.

Carstairs Major said, "Michael's in the R. A. F. and Cousin Charlie's been in the Durhams for donkey's years." He addressed himself solely to Mrs. Marshall. "Cousin Charlie used to be stationed at Peshawar and he sent us all sorts of things."

Carstairs Minor said instructively, "Peshawar's in India. Quite close to the border."

Carstairs Major nudged him. "They know that, Moke. Stop being an encyclopedia." He said, "The mater used to throw Cousin Charlie's things out when the parlor got too full. You see, we live in a very small house . . ."

Carstairs Minor spoke up: "In Torminster. It's a cathedral town. In the Midlands."

Mrs. Marshall smiled at them. "How nice! I suppose you went to school there."

Carstairs Major looked slightly shocked. "Oh, no. We went away. But not to one of the posh schools like Eton or Harrow. Just a small one, really."

Carstairs Minor came in again: "Alan went to Blundell's and he was going up to Oxford." He stared out the window. "He's in the senior service now."

Fuzzy looked puzzled. "The senior service? Oh, of course—the navy."

He began talking to mum about nothing in particular, and suddenly they were all talking together, even Marshall and Marshall's sister, talking like mad and guzzling cakes. And Tea with Parents wasn't so terrible, after all.

* * *

IT was an hour after that when they were slowly going across the Yard, he and Marshall and Carstairs Major, quite happy, content, and full of food.

Halliday felt warm and pleasant, and he said, "Gosh, Marshall, your sister's all right. She isn't half as bad as most girls are."

Marshall declined to issue any sort of statement, but Carstairs Major said, "She's jolly. Most girls are jolly. What's the matter with girls?"

This was heresy of the most astounding sort, and Halliday was about to say so when he saw Mr. Douglas stop beneath the light that flared in front of Forsythe. It was so bright a light you could quite plainly see the paper Mr. Douglas was looking at.

You could see the big headline, bright and black and sharp: RAIDERS HAMMER BRITAIN.

Carstairs Major stepped straight up to Mr. Douglas. "Would you mind very much if I asked to look at your paper, sir?"

There was a queer look on Mr. Douglas' face. He said, "Certainly not, Carstairs," and held the paper up so they could all see the smaller headline underneath the huge one:

BRISTOL AND TORMINSTER
BLITZED

Carstairs just stood there for a second, and then he started to run.

Mr. Douglas called, "Halliday! See where he's going." And suddenly Halliday was running too, across the Yard and through the screen of bare trees and up to the steps of Fuzzy's house.

Fuzzy was standing in the door already, because Carstairs Major had rung the bell quite hard.

Carstairs Major said, "Please, sir, could I send a cablegram?"

Fuzzy's face didn't even change. "To your family? I don't think you

(*Continued on page 59*)

BY LESLIE FORD

ILLUSTRATOR
HY RUBIN

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Terror by night! New thrills in a vivid novel of mystery, a boy and a girl, and romance

Murder With Southern Hospitality

☆ THE atmosphere at Antigua, the Drayton home in Natchez, Mississippi, seems very strange to Louise Gould when she goes there with the domineering and wealthy Mrs. Cornelia Cartwright and Miss Letty Drayton on a Garden Pilgrimage. Miss Letty is treated with coldness, almost contempt, by her sister, Miss Kate Drayton, and her brother, Judge Drayton. Lawrence, the judge's son, is an unprepossessing chap, and Louise secretly sympathizes when she hears Miss Letty tell Miss Kate that she will not permit Anne, their lovely niece, to marry him.

Miss Letty's vehemence surprises Louise, who has never known the mousy little woman to speak her mind except once—when she caught Cornelia looking at an old-fashioned locket she had left on her dressing table. The locket opened and a folded piece of newspaper fell out, and Miss Letty told Cornelia angrily never to touch it again.

Anne does not want to marry Lawrence. Almost in spite of herself she has fallen in love with Steven Heywood, whose distant cousin, Minot Heywood, used to live at Tangier, the estate next to Antigua. Minot made a peculiar will. In order to right a great wrong, he said, he left his properties to Steven on the condition that he marry Anne. If he doesn't, they go to her. Steve, visiting Natchez out of curiosity, sees Anne and determines to marry her, although Judge Drayton forbids him the house. He is staying at Tangier with his elderly cousin, Rose Heywood, when tragedy strikes in the bayou between the two houses. Cornelia Cartwright is found there, murdered!

Questioning by the sheriff uncovers no clue as to the motive for her death, no sign pointing to her killer. But when Lusby, Mrs. Cartwright's colored chauffeur, is found to have her wallet in his possession, he is taken to jail on suspicion.

That night Alec Cartwright, Cornelia's stepson, arrives, and again Miss Letty surprises Louise. She hopes, she says, that Anne and Alec will marry. The two have never met, and this, to Louise, seems a peculiar topic to bring up at this particular time.

PART FOUR—THE LOCKET KEEPS ITS SECRET

☆ OH, well, I thought. I got undressed, went to bed, and turned off the light. I must have dropped off to sleep shortly after that, though it's hard to say when the confused turmoil in my mind slipped from disturbed consciousness to an even more disturbed dream state. Or, for that matter, when it slipped back again. I know that suddenly I was wide awake, staring into the dark, listening intently. I couldn't imagine what to. There was nothing but silence anywhere around me. Then, as I lay there, straining my ears, I heard something, like a rat in the plaster behind the head of my bed—except that it was more methodical than a rat and more cautious some way.

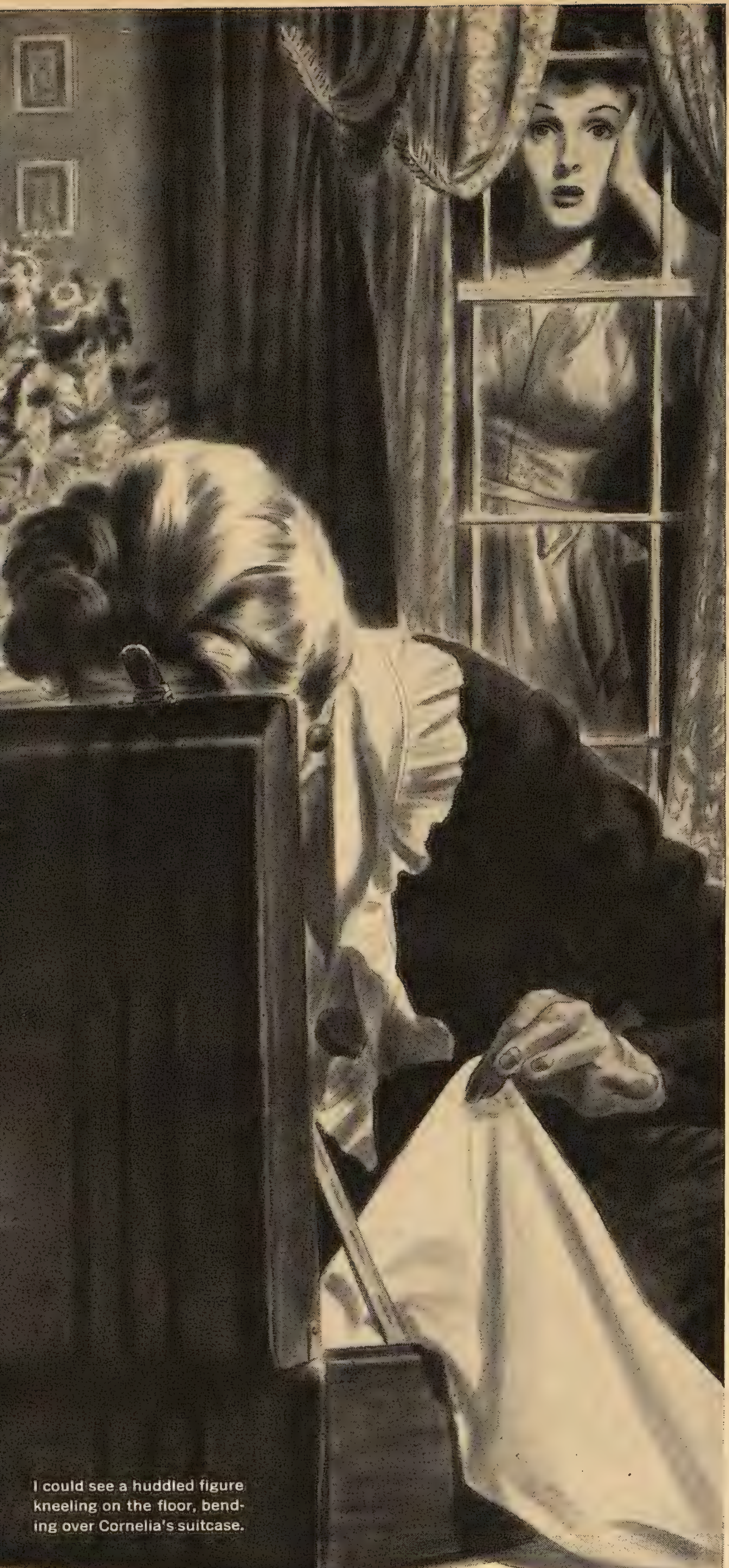
A cold chill crept along my spine. It was something in Cornelia's room.

It stopped. There was a long silence—ages long, it seemed to me—and then I could hear it again. I sat up in bed, goose flesh all over my arms. Some one was in Cornelia's room, going methodically through her things. The sound I heard was the opening and closing of drawers in her dresser and in the big suitcase she carried. I got out of bed, felt around on the rug for my slippers and poked my feet into them. I slipped on my dressing gown and went quietly to the window.

The moon was still bright but very high, so that the roof of the gallery secluded all but a tiny narrow strip of silver along the railing. I opened the screen and crept outside. A faint sliver of light showed along the edge of the curtain of Cornelia's window. I edged my way silently toward it, my heart a lump of solid ice sticking in my throat, my body flattened against the brick, my pulse thumping.

The crack of light shone steadily, unchanged. I crept on, nearer and nearer, until I could reach out my hand and see the thin slice of yellow across it. I bent forward then and looked.

I could see a huddled figure kneeling on the floor, bending over the bottom drawer of Cornelia's suitcase, lifting her things, feeling through them quickly, laying them in a pile on the floor. I moved back. I didn't have



I could see a huddled figure kneeling on the floor, bending over Cornelia's suitcase.

to see the face. The slight bent shoulders and the hands laying each piece neatly in place were enough. It was Miss Letty.

I edged back against the wall and along the gallery. I had got almost to my window when I stopped again, with the same tightening freezing of my heart in my throat. I glanced back. The light was gone and there was a sound at the screen. But that wasn't what had stopped me. It was something else. It was the crackling rustle of a heavy foot outside, breaking the dry leaves under the magnolia.

I'll never know how I got through the window as instantly and silently as I did, and across the room to the foot of my bed. There I stopped. I didn't dare get in, for fear of the sound the old springs would make. I stood, gripping the post. I could hear the soft slither of Miss Letty's feet feeling their way cautiously along the gallery floor. My eyes, accustomed to the night now, were fixed on the faint gray oblong of the window, straining to recognize the nuance of a deeper shadow passing across its darkness.

Slowly it emerged. And then I was aware that it was no longer in motion. Miss Letty had stopped at my window and was standing there. At first I couldn't make out . . . but then I knew. I could hear the faint click of the catch turning. She was coming in. For the first time in my life I knew stark unmitigated terror.

"Louise?" she whispered.

I didn't know whether to answer her or to scream.

☆ I WOKE up, the sun cutting brilliantly under the gallery eaves across the bottom of the window screen. I knew at once there was something I had to do, but for a moment I couldn't think what it was. Then I remembered. I got quickly out of bed, went over and unlocked the door, went back and unlocked the screen.

In the daylight it seemed incredible that I could have stood there by the foot of the bed—with Miss Letty in the window silently opening the screen—motionless, making my breath come evenly, figuring that her eyes, accustomed to the light, wouldn't be able to make out my blurred figure in the dark, not answering her whispered "Louise?" on the chance that she was only making sure I wasn't awake. The terror, blind and without reason, when I saw the screen open wider and knew she was coming in, and the almost nauseating sense of relief when I saw her head turn sharply to listen and knew she'd heard the step I'd heard outside on the lawn, because the screen closed quickly and she was gone—all came back to me.

But it didn't seem to be clearer, any of it, this morning—what Miss Letty was doing in Cornelia's room, what Steve was doing again out there under the magnolia tree. And the chief and most inexplicable mystery was "Why Cornelia?" It seemed to me I could have understood almost anybody else. I kept coming back to Lusby too. They didn't *know* it was the gun in the car that she'd been shot with. Still, the gun was gone; and it was another fact that the only people who knew about its being there were Lusby and Miss Letty and me.

While I was dressing I kept going over to the window and looking out. All I could see was the upper part of the magnolia tree, shining lacquered green and velvet brown in the sunlight. Once I went out on the gallery and looked down at the dry littered leaves underneath it, and then glanced along the bayou, and turned quickly away. Even then, I knew I had to go down there, if I could, and see for myself where Cornelia had been.

* * *

IT was about nine o'clock when I went downstairs. The house was silent as the grave. I went out on the back gallery, hesitated for a moment, went down the steps and to the right across the grass, and wandered along, trying to be casual about it, toward the bayou.

There was a path through a rose garden, more or less formally laid out, and beyond it were banks of white and pink azalea, all in full glory. No one was in sight anywhere. I came to the end of the roses and onto the grass that sloped down to the bayou, and crossed it, resisting the nagging impulse to keep glancing back at the house.

At the edge of the bayou I stopped and looked along to where the ground was trampled and broken. It was a little to my right, and screened from the side garden, where the magnolia was, by a burst of flowering Japanese peach trees. I went over toward it. It looked as if a band of Indians had had a war dance there, by the slope of the bayou matted with honeysuckle and wild grape, grown with spindly dogwood and redbud trees and other trees and vines that were native and unfamiliar to me. I stopped and looked at the ground, caved in where the men had slid down to bring Cornelia up, and turned away for a moment.

She must have fallen against a clump of Spanish dagger growing there. There were brown spots on the pointed leaves, and the moss under it was stained too and broken with heavy feet. I looked back, not at that place but at another that had caught my eye. It was a little to one side, where the vines were pulled and the leaves torn. It wasn't in the direct path that the man had taken . . . which is why the footprint I saw was still there to be seen, I suppose.

It was the print of a woman's shoe, small, with a fairly high heel dug down in the ground. I stood looking at it, wondering. Then I looked around to see if there were any more of them. But there weren't—the rest of them had been stamped out by the police.

I heard a footstep behind me, and turned sharply. It was Anne. She looked at me, startled and a little frightened for a moment, and came on quickly.

"I was afraid you were somebody else," she whispered. "It's ghastly, isn't it?"

I nodded.

She stood there for a moment. Then I heard her draw her breath in with a sharp sibilant little sound. She was looking at that single footprint under the rope of vines.

She looked away again instantly. "Oughtn't you to go in and call up your husband and tell him you're all right?" she said. Her voice was steady but all the color was gone out of her face.

"I will later," I said. I hadn't even thought of it, as a matter of fact, and of course he'd be half out of his mind the minute he saw the morning papers. "Why don't I hang on to your hand while you pick me that piece of honeysuckle over there?"

She looked at me. Then she said, "All right," rather breathlessly. I held her hand while she slid down and pulled the honeysuckle—and stamped the footprint out with her heel, pulling down the loose moss-covered ground. She let go my hand then and glanced with a sort of reluctant determination toward the Spanish dagger. I knew she was looking, as I'd looked, for another print of that telltale shoe. Suddenly I saw her move her head forward a little, as if she'd seen something. Her expression was surprised and puzzled. She looked more intently, then glanced up at me.

"Is any one coming, Louise?" she asked coolly.

I looked back at the house. As much of the lawn as I could see through the flowering peach was empty, and no one was on the upper gallery. I turned back and shook my head. She put her foot out cautiously and crept down, keeping her balance with one hand on the trampled earth bank. Then, just where Cornelia must have been, she reached her hand gingerly through the spiked stiff leaves and drew it out.

I saw only a black ribbon in it at first, and then I could make out something bright and shiny in her hand before she closed it. She scrambled quickly up the bank again.

* * *

"LET'S go," she whispered. "I hear a car."

She took hold of my arm, and we ran back the way I'd come until we got to the rose garden.

"Walk," she said. "Toward the oak."

I looked over at the house. Two men were coming. The sheriff was one of them, and I didn't know the other. Anyway, we were out of their sight then, and by the time we got to the marble bench under the oak tree we couldn't even see the part of the bayou they were headed for.

We sat down. Anne held out her hand and opened it slowly. The crumpled ribbon fell away, leaving Miss Letty's gold locket lying there in the palm of her hand. The emeralds that made the leaves and stem of the little bunch of lilies of the valley sparkled in the sun, and so did the rubies that made the bow it was tied with.

Anne sat silently, her eyes fixed on it, almost incredulously, it seemed to me. She said, hardly above a whisper: "How do you suppose that ever got there?"

"I think Cornelia Cartwright took it out of your aunt's bag and didn't put it back," I said practically.

"That's funny," she said. "I've never seen it in her things. And how would—" She stopped abruptly. "Which aunt do you mean?"

"Your Aunt Letty."

She looked at me as if she thought I'd quietly gone out of my mind. "My Aunt *Letty?*" she gasped.

I could see a whole pattern undergoing an astonished, incredulous transformation.

"Yes," I said, astonished and bewildered myself. "It's hers. She always wears it—or did until we got here. Moreover, she almost cut Cornelia's throat for opening it. That's why Cornelia had it."

She looked at me curiously.

"Then you thought that footprint was—"

She looked back at the locket without saying anything else. Her hand moved and her fingers touched the little clasp.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," I said. "She doesn't want anybody to open it."

Her fingers still rested on the clasp.

"I *would* like to know what's in it," she said.

"Have you seen it before?"

She shook her head.

"Then how did you . . ."

"I guess that's part of it," she said. Then she added, without any apparent sense of irrelevance, "You know, my Aunt Kate was a great beauty once."

* * *

SHE looked down at the locket again and held it out to me. "If I keep it, I'll open it. I couldn't resist it. You give it back to her. Tell her you found it somewhere."

"Maybe I can't resist either," I said.

I took it from her and held it in my hand. It was oval, about the size of an egg, only flatter, not more than half an inch deep, I should judge. It seemed strange to think that it held in its pale golden stomach something that Miss Letty had gone to heaven only knew what lengths to preserve, and that if I pressed the tiny catch at the side I'd know instantly what it was.

I folded the crumpled ribbon around the little golden and jeweled trinket and put it in my pocket.

"I'll trust you," Anne said. She smiled, and her face became instantly grave again. "I've decided not to go to New Orleans with Aunt Kate. I don't know what they'll say. And I don't care really. But I'm not going. I guess I'd better tell my uncle."

We started across the garden. She moved quickly and lightly, with April in her step as well as in her eyes. She seemed to have forgotten Cornelia and the brown spots beside the Spanish dagger.

A car was coming up the drive.

"I'll go on," she said. "I don't know how my uncle's going to take it. Don't mention him, will you?"

I knew by now that "him" meant Steve, just as it means God or the President to some people. I dropped behind her. It was the chance I'd been waiting for. The magnolia tree was just across the lawn; I went on casually toward it. The winter leaves, discarded with spring, dried, brown, and crisp, made a carpet around its great trunk. They were broken and scattered in one place, and I spotted a cigarette butt, stained brown with the dew, and another cigarette half smoked and crushed.

I turned and glanced up at the second-story gallery. It was a silly thing to do if I fancied myself a detective, but it was so automatic that I was hardly aware I'd done it until I looked around and saw Judge Drayton. He was standing a little apart from Alec Cartwright and Lawrence and a man who'd come with them, talking to Anne. Or, rather, she was talking to him. He was listening with the same apparent concentration with which he'd listened to Millicent and Cora at the Candlelight Ball, and he was watching me as he'd watched Lawrence then.

I went along to join them. I could still feel his gaze following me, and when I came near I looked up.

"Good morning, Judge Drayton."

"Good morning, Mrs. Gould."

He smiled—or his lips did, slightly. His eyes held a flat incurious quality not unlike a thin cold breeze through a cracked window onto the back of your neck. I went over to Alec.

"Who is that girl?" he asked under his breath. "She's a beauty."

"That's Anne Drayton, the judge's niece. Haven't you met her?"

He shook his head. "Married?"

I shook mine. Miss Letty doesn't need *my* help, I thought, as he went on looking at her. And well he might. She was radiantly lovely, standing there bareheaded, the sun making her hair a fleece of gold, slim and young in her skirt and sweater. Her brown legs were bare, and she had a pair of red socks rolled down around her ankles, and old buckskin moccasin shoes. They were stained a little with dirt from the bayou—but nobody would ever look at her shoes, I thought.

* * *

"WHAT about Lusby?" I asked. "Have you got him out?"

Alec shook his head. "And, what's more, I don't know when we will. It does look bad, if you don't know him or Cornelia."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"It gets worse instead of better, too. It seems her watch is gone. Miss Letty told them Cornelia had it in the afternoon but she hadn't noticed it that night. Also that Cornelia sometimes put it in the ash tray in the seat. Of course they figure Lusby swiped it."

"But that's ridiculous!"

"I tried to tell them it was. But they knew he was lying."

"What about?"

"He said at first the last time he saw Cornelia was when she told him and those two women that she'd come later. Now he admits he came right back and saw her again, and that's when she gave him the book of checks. That's exactly what she'd do, of course. She always thought somebody was trying to get money out of her—you know that. I've seen her when she didn't have ten cents in the house to pay the iceman because she was afraid to have it around. And of course Lusby's scared to death. I suppose the funny thing about it is he was really the best friend Cornelia had."

20 QUESTIONS

Question Expert G. Pinquetea missed only three this week—Nos. 3, 6, and 9. "I'm afraid I'm no expert on sports," he commented frankly. Count double if you get the ones he missed.

1—What famous institution was founded by a man whose name was James Smithson?

2—During the 1850s there was a type of woman known as a "California widow." Why was she so called?

3—To what place did "Dixie" refer originally?

4—How dispose of the American flag when it is worn out?

5—What former governor of New York and ex-Presidential candidate recently created excitement by announcing his retirement from what office?

6—Although he did not reach base safely, a baseball player was given five strikes and six balls before he was declared out. How did this happen?

7—What did Winston Churchill recently receive by radio from the United States?

8—The death of "Uncle Dan" caused national sorrow. Who was he?

9—Whirlaway now holds the "triple crown" of America's turfdom. What three races must be won to gain this crown?

10—The oldest reigning monarch had a birthday recently. Who is he?

11—Princess Juliana, exiled from the Netherlands, nevertheless paid a recent visit to Holland. But where was this Holland located?

12—Where is the "City of Magnificent Distances"?

13—What was the original meaning of "bonfire"?

14—Where is the safest place in a lightning storm?

15—What city, recently under military attack, is believed to be the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world?

16—Mrs. Katherine Edgar Byron has won the title, "Youngest in the House." Who is she and how did she get this title?

17—Which elected executive official of the national government always has two titles?

18—A French financial minister was so unpopular that his name now means anything "thin and incomplete." What type of artistic representation, based on the profile outline, today bears his name?

19—Can you name—within sixty seconds—five letters of the alphabet which when written in ordinary capital form are the same upside down as right side up?

20—What is the most widely played card game in the United States?

(*Answers will be found on page 60*)

"He certainly put up with enough when she was alive," I said bitterly.

I reached in my pocket to get out my handkerchief. My fingers touched the locket. I drew them away as if it had burned them. What if the secret of Cornelia's death lay right there, inside Miss Letty's golden bauble? Would she—I wondered suddenly—let Lusby take the blame?

I glanced over at Judge Drayton and Anne, and saw her slip her arm affectionately through his and squeeze it. He patted her hand.

"Don't worry your aunt about it," he said as they came toward us.

It struck me then that Judge Drayton was really torn between opposing desires—or perhaps between desire and necessity. I think he did genuinely love Anne, as strong hard old men do love some one young and bright and not afraid. That didn't mean he wouldn't sacrifice her. Those two conflicting sides were more plainly written on his face as he and Anne crossed the lawn just then than I ever saw them again . . . except once, probably.

"This is my niece, Anne Drayton, Mr. Cartwright," he said gravely.

Anne held out her hand. "I'm so sorry."

"Thank you, Miss Anne," Alec said. "You've all been very kind."

* * *

IT was natural for Steve Heywood to pop into my mind just then, I suppose, because Alec held her hand longer than was necessary or even polite. I saw Judge Drayton's guarded inquisitorial face a little closer guarded all of a sudden, as if he sensed an unnecessary complication in a situation already too complicated for his liking.

"I'm going in and phone to my husband, Judge Drayton, if you don't mind," I said.

As I reached the gallery I heard Anne call. She was coming after me. One look at her face told me that something had happened in the brief time since I'd walked away from them. She took my arm.

"You've got to call him," she whispered. "They're going to arrest him."

"What for?" I gasped.

"I don't know. Hurry! We've got to let him know. Oh, dear, I knew something—"

She didn't go on. She gave the operator a number and then handed the phone to me. I shook my head. "Go on. I'll stand guard."

"Hello," she said quickly. "Tangier? Mr. Steven Heywood, please."

I saw the flush that asking for him brought into her cheeks fade out slowly until her face was as colorless as the bowl of azaleas on the desk behind her. She put the phone down unsteadily.

"He's gone," she said. "He left early this morning. And . . . he took his things with him. He . . . he's not coming back any more."

She went blindly over to the window and stood with her back to me, her hands hanging limply at her sides. She wasn't crying. She was too stunned to cry, and too proud, I suppose. I could see, as plainly as if she'd told me, that she'd been building up their next meeting—what she'd say to him and what he'd probably say back—and that the brief fear of his being arrested was only an interlude in all that. It was her pride and her vanity as much as it was her heart that was crushed.

"I guess he . . . he had enough of his silly joke," she said, without turning her head.

She fished an envelope out of her pocket and tore it up. "I'm glad I didn't send that."

She picked a match up off the desk, lighted it, tossed the burning paper into the fireplace and watched it curl into black carbon ribbons. Then she looked at me and smiled, not very convincingly.

* * *

"WELL, that's that." She brushed her hands lightly together, dismissing the whole thing. "Let's you and me go to a movie tonight, shall we? It would be all right, wouldn't it?"

Cornelia's shadow was in the room again.

"I should think so," I said. Anything to get Steve out of her mind, I thought. I could see him waking up in his room at Tangier (the one with the tin cradle bath in it, no doubt), looking at the ceiling and suddenly saying, "Oh, the hell with it! What's the use? She's a nice kid; let her have the plantations," and just clearing out.

"I don't really *care*, Louise," she said abruptly. "I wouldn't want you to think that."

"Oh, dear, no—of course not," I said.

"Because, after all, I only saw him three times. It would be silly to . . . to—"

"Very," I agreed. If she doesn't stop, I'm going to weep, I thought.

She fished her lipstick out of her pocket and stood on tiptoes to look in the mildewed mirror over the mantel. They were coming into the house, the sheriff, Mr. Jim Bailey, saying, "Don't worry. He won't get far. He hasn't crossed the river—I already checked up on that."

Anne turned to me, started to say something, and stood there staring. "Louise! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. But there was. It had just flashed into my mind. It had happened at the hotel, before Steve took me over and left me at the colored church.

"It's twenty to eight," I'd said. "We'd better push off."

"Pay the check, will you?" he said. "I've got to make a phone call."

He put down a five-dollar bill.

"Going to call up your girl?" I asked sardonically.

"Yeah. What's her number?"

"Just ask for Antigua," I said.

And that had been at quarter of eight—and Cornelia had answered the phone.

"What *is* it, Louise?" she repeated.

"Nothing," I said again. "I just feel a little dizzy."

I could hear Judge Drayton in the hall. "Mrs. Gould seems to know him. You might ask her."

And that was the trouble. I didn't know him. I'd met him at a service station on the Natchez Trace. I didn't know him at all. And Anne must have understood. She took hold of my hand.

"This way. We can go up the gallery steps."

We slipped out and up the stairs to the second gallery and into the hall. Miss Letty, just starting down, looked at us with surprise.

"Anne dear," she said, "I want you to come down with me and talk to Alec Cartwright." She held out her hand. "This is so difficult for him—he needs somebody to talk to."

I nodded as Anne glanced at me. I thought Miss Letty was making a mistake, trying to cram him down her throat this way, but that wasn't my affair. Anyway, Alec was a lot better than Lawrence.

"All right," Anne said.

They went down together, and I went on to my room and stood by the window looking across the garden toward Tangier. It wasn't as far away as it had seemed the first night I looked at it. Probably two city blocks. Through the screen of foliage I could see an expanse of lawn over there and a tangled garden. It was a silent kind of place, and an occasional yapping of a dog seemed to intensify its silence rather than give it life.

As I was looking across the bayou I saw a woman come out on the second gallery and stand there, looking toward Antigua. I wondered what she was thinking about . . . and what had really happened between that house and this. Not even in the South would two families so close together, with young people—for Judge Drayton and Miss Kate had been young once, and so had the woman on the gallery across the bayou—have carried on a feud over a romance three quarters of a century old, however bloody its outcome had been. And it was odd, too, how little I knew about any of it. Mr. Minot Heywood, for example. How had he died, and when? Nobody had said. And the other Drayton, Anne's father. Why had he left home—how had *he* died, if he was dead? I put my hand in my pocket suddenly. Miss Letty's locket was still there. I took it out and looked at it. Maybe the answer to all of it was what was inside there—and was what had turned Miss Letty into a sudden jungle cat to keep Cornelia from knowing.

* * *

I PUT my hat and gloves on and started downstairs. Halfway down I heard a bright flat voice:

"Of course I know Mr. Cartwright. . . . I never forget a face—I recognized you the minute I first saw you. I wanted you to know how deeply I sympathize with you. I've written a memorial to read to our chapter."

I heard Alec murmur something polite. If I went past *quietly*, I thought. . . . But I was wrong. Anne spotted me.

"Oh, Louise, come in! You know Mrs.—I'm sorry, I—"

"Mrs. Storm—J. Philander Storm."

"How do you do?" I said. I looked around for Cora, but she wasn't there.

"My dear, I can't tell you *how* upset I am. Cornelia was a *great* woman."

She flowed on and on, poor Alec mopping his forehead surreptitiously. I wondered—surreptitiously—if it occurred to him how much like Cornelia she was.

Anne looked at me helplessly. "I wonder if you wouldn't like to see Antigua, Mrs. Storm?" she put in at last. "We aren't open for the pilgrimage, but—"

There couldn't have been very much in the near vicinity that Mrs. Storm hadn't seen. Her eyes had been darting around like dragonflies. I thought for an instant that that was what she'd come for, really—but I was very wrong.

"I'd love it, my dear. It's a beautiful house—simply enchanting. Just think of being born here!"

She smiled brightly at poor little Miss Letty, and then stopped. And I stared too, for Miss Kate had come in.

"This is my other aunt, Miss Drayton," Anne said quickly. "Mrs. Storm, Aunt Kate. An old friend of Mrs. Cartwright."

"How do you do, Miss Drayton?"

Millicent was off again. Then I saw her eyes fixed on a small Bennington jug on the candle stand beside the piano. She darted at it and picked it up.

"Wedgwood, isn't it? I love Wedgwood!"

* * *

MISS KATE moved forward and took it politely out of her hand. "It is Bennington ware," she said. "It belonged to my grandmother."

"Oh, of course. But it is lovely."

Mrs. Storm turned. "Mr. Cartwright, I hope you won't think I'm being a ghoul, but you know how collectors are. I know you'll understand, because I was deeply devoted to your dear mother."

We waited.

"Your mother showed me a piece of jewelry she had. It isn't of any great value, and it's not the sort of thing a young man would want. So I'd like to buy it from you."

"If you mean the wrist watch, it's disappeared," Alec said a little stiffly.

"Oh, dear, no," Mrs. Storm laughed. "It was just a battered old locket."

I didn't look at Miss Letty. I didn't have to.

"It has a spray of imitation emerald and pearl lilies of the valley on it, tied with a garnet bowknot, and was quite—"

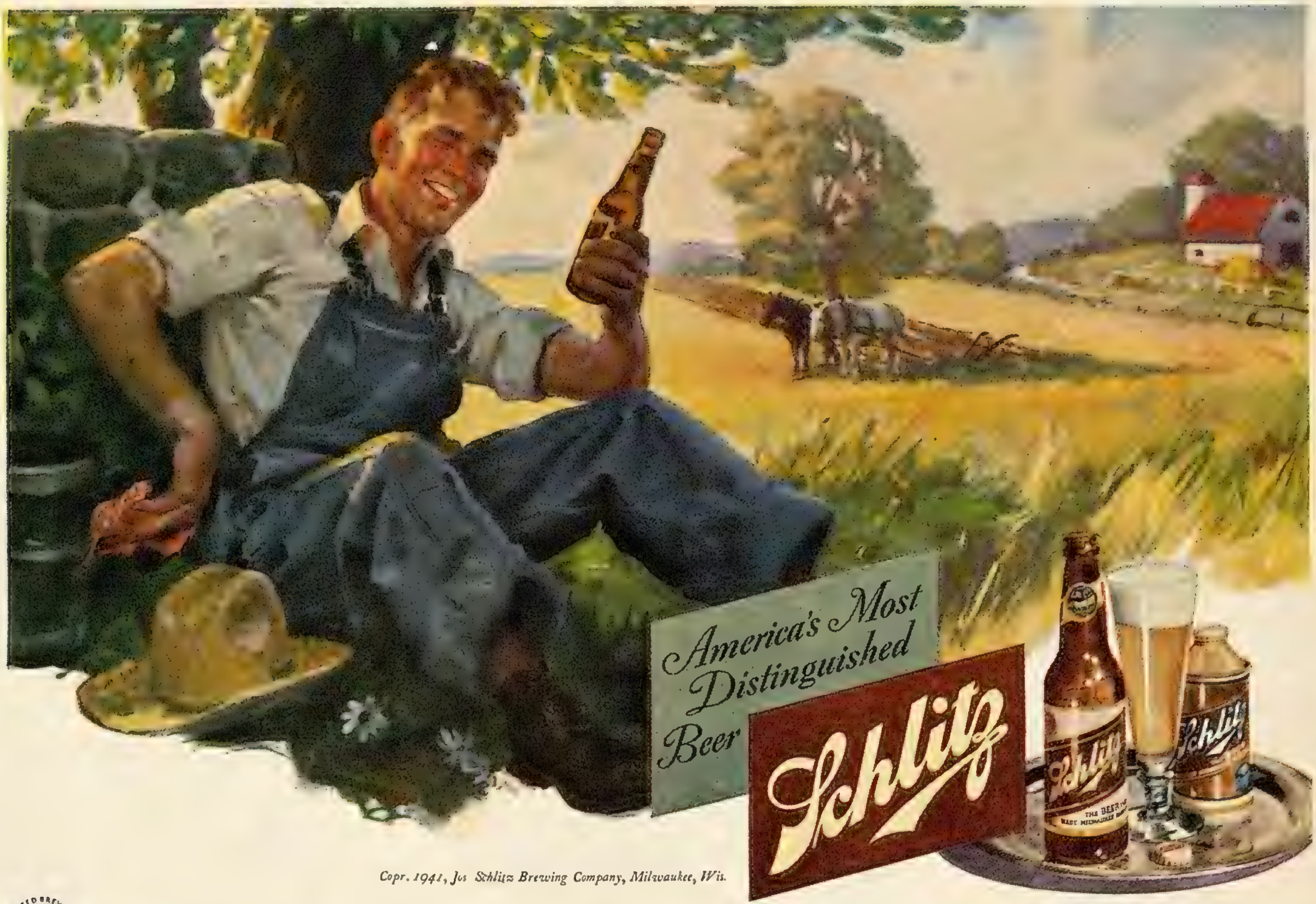
There was a violent crash behind me. I flashed around. Miss Kate Drayton was staring at her, her face ashy white. The Bennington jug was in a thousand pieces on the floor at her feet.

What has so disturbed Miss Kate? Does she know the significance of Miss Letty's locket and its strange association with Cornelia Cartwright's death? Murder still stalks at Antigua. There are new surprises, new horror, new drama in the next chapter of this baffling story.

The man at the Play...

and the man at the Plow

Only a few can afford a box at the opera. But the pleasure of drinking America's most distinguished beer can be shared alike by everybody • Equally good with costly caviar or a plain cheese sandwich — that famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ is within the reach of all • Across the street, or across the continent, there is no substitute for a beer so fine that it made a city famous.



Copr. 1941, Jos Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Another Secret for Ambitiou

A famed psychologist speaks again to the boys and girls of America—and finds inspiration in a forgotten man

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ AS you work away improving your personality you find a life interest. You have something to live for. So you organize your efforts around it with rising enthusiasm.

Suddenly you run head on into an obstacle. Your cash runs out. You can't buy food. You fall ill and are laid up for a month, while your affairs go to pot. Friends scoff at your enterprise, say it'll get you nowhere, and urge you to drop it. Your eyes weaken so that you can't read all you should. . . . Oh, the obstacle may be anything.

How surmount it? How get around it? How destroy it? Well, there's a different answer for each obstacle. But there's just one command to you as you face it, whatever it may be. Keep going! Never say die!

If you lose heart, think of Paul Satko. You've forgotten him, I suppose. For three years you were laughing at him, off and on. The newspapers had a jolly time over the man. Reporters cooked up funny stories about him. . . .

Paul Satko was a welder and machinist in Richmond, Virginia. Hard times came. He went on relief, along with his wife and seven children.

The dole irked him. He resolved to find work. But there wasn't any work around Virginia then. He asked people where work might be found. Everybody laughed at the simpleton. He sought help from newspapers and got nothing but jeers.

One day he read a news report about a colony of pioneers moving up to Alaska with government help. Up there they'd break in virgin fields, cut down forests, build homes, and become independent again.

Alaska! Satko read about it in the public library and flamed with excitement. To Alaska he'd go, to become a free man once more. But how get there? A family of nine, all on relief, couldn't buy tickets from Richmond to Juneau. All they had was an old auto which Satko had tinkered into shape.

Now, if they rode in the car to Seattle and then could find a boat . . . A boat? Gosh! Why not build one?

When he told this to his friends, they howled. Satko building a boat? Haw-haw! A welder, eh? A great naval architect! Haw-haw!

"Ever build a boat, Paul?" they asked.

"No," retorted Satko, "but if a man wants to accomplish something badly enough, he'll accomplish it. I believe there's nothing I can't do to get on my feet again in Alaska."

For three wretched years he repeated these words to scoffers, most of whom were on the dole and intended to stay there as long as somebody else's money held out. Meanwhile he tinkered away with secondhand lumber and junk hardware. Finally the stuff assumed the form of a boat. But what a boat! People laughed themselves sick at the sight of it. It was plain that the tub wouldn't keep afloat five minutes in open water.

Satko hooked the tub on board a trailer, hooked the trailer to his jaloppy, piled his family aboard, and set out for Alaska. The newspaper reporters split their sides writing up the idiot adventure. Loudest of all were the cackles of the boys on the dole. What a fool, to give up Uncle Sam's pap for such a mad journey!

The voyagers reached Puget Sound. Everybody howled. Experts protested that the boat would never endure the seas of Puget Sound and the inland waters of Alaska. So the police of Seattle arrested Satko and forbade him to leave port in the boat. Said the wise custodians of the law, "It would be suicide. We sane people must protect fools against their own folly."

Satko grimly said nothing. But on a dark night he cast off and headed north. A fourteen-year-old auto engine he'd picked up as junk chugged merrily.

For three months the tub crawled northward like a wounded crab. Seas from the open Pacific almost shattered it. It grazed rocks in the dark. Food ran out; the family almost starved. Satko landed and fished as best he could, while the children hunted for berries.

On July 27, 1940, Satko entered Juneau harbor, all hands on board safe and sound. He'd been ashore scarcely one hour when the Alaska Employment Service gave him a three-year job caring for its farm machinery.

He laughs best who laughs last. Satko laughed last. He knew that a man who wants something badly enough can get it in this country. But the glamour girls, high-school boys, smart-aleck reporters, and other trash knew better. So with all the folks on dole. They knew Satko was a fool.

☆ SATKO'S the lucky man. Poor, out of work, the Richmond welder faced none of the more serious obstacles that frustrate so many Americans. He had no doting mama. No sweet dreamy schoolteacher. No rich dad. No influential friends. He had to think for himself. He had to find something to live for and then bend all efforts to realize it. Nobody handed him anything on a silver platter. So he became a strong personality.

Man encounters two kinds of obstacles. One is within himself and has been set up long before he gets under way. The other is outside and blocks him only after he has set out for his goal. The obstacles within are, as a rule, deadly. For they prevent the finding of an urge and the developing of a strong drive. The obstacles outside are rarely deadly. If one comes up to them fired with enthusiasm and determined, they crumble.

Inner obstacles are mainly bad habits. Well-to-do people develop one variety, poor people another. The former are more dangerous.

Most dangerous of all is the doting mama. Every honest old educator knows her to be worse than rattlesnakes. She turns her children into neurotics. Her methods are mainly two: making them enjoy everything, and making them think always of themselves.

Darling must learn all the new dance steps. Darling must take French lessons. Darling must take riding lessons. Darling must meet the rich Jones boys. . . . And so on until Darling goes to hospital with polite jitters.

Thousands of boys and girls in well-to-do families break down with nervous exhaustion just because doting mamas want them to enjoy everything and mix with all the Right People. Mamas make scatterbrains of them all. And on the way they become scatterbrawns. All their energies blow off in a hundred useless directions. And so they collapse.

aul Satko and his family on the
oat he couldn't build—but did!

oung People

Such young people cannot find life aims. They lack time and energy for the search. Their mothers conspire to keep them aimless and exhausted. When they grow up, they marry within their own social class; so scatterbrained husbands find themselves tied to scatterbrained wives. The result is fearful to behold. They drift from day to day, pottering at golf, badminton, bridge, summer sports, reading trash, and drinking. As they grow older and more useless they drink more just to forget the mess they have made of their lives.

Having never organized their energies, they are weak. They have low resistance to all kinds of shock, ranging from grippe down to Hitler. They lack character. They are as yellow as any cur—and they know it.

How can such an unfortunate shake off these inner handicaps? I have little cheer for him. He faces total regeneration—a job of vast proportions. He must be born again. He needs a change as profound as a religious conversion. But he'll seldom accept it without a struggle, for it hurts. His greatest luck would be to lose every cent, to be kicked out of his home, and to enlist as a soldier. (If the Marines would take him, better yet.)

The only way to be somebody is—believe it or not—to be somebody. You can't buy Somebody in bottles. You can't learn Somebody from a book. You must live it. You must do something. You must find something to live for, and then live for it. All by yourself. Now you see why so few well-to-do nobodies ever amount to anything. They lack self-starters. And nobody will crank them up. Why crank them up? They'll never go places.

☆ THE inner obstacles of the poor aren't nearly so serious. (They're bad enough, heaven knows.) Whereas the days of the rich youth are crowded with pleasant excitements, those of the poor are empty, dull, monotonous, and without direction. Later these poor boys and girls grow up and take over jobs which are usually pretty dull *as long as the workers see in them nothing more than the day's routine.* Bear that last qualification in mind.

Now watch the decay, step by step. The worker takes less and less interest in his job. "It gets me nowhere," says he. He's not promoted, because he is plainly aimless. So he grows a little more lackadaisical.

Away from the job, he fritters away his free hours and gets nothing accomplished. Slowly his energies ebb. He's so tired! His work bores him. He watches the clock. He shirks whenever the foreman's back is turned.

At this stage he may go to pieces. All depends upon his native constitution. Every day about two million workers like him suffer from fidgets and jitters. Among these about a quarter million are sick abed for from two to six weeks with nervous and mental breakdowns. The others potter away at their jobs, weeping or daydreaming or grumbling or sticking their fingers into machine gears absentmindedly.

This army of wrecks costs us over a billion dollars a year. Rather a high price to pay for aimless lives.

Most of these two million can be quickly cured by finding something to live for and by organizing all efforts around it. This isn't my theory at all. It's been proved in hospital practice the world over. It's old stuff. Some experts call it occupational therapy. I'd call it horse sense, for short.

A human being who has gone to pieces is like an engine that has been taken apart. All the pieces lie around on the floor. As long as they lie around they can't go places under their own power, can they? Each piece may be perfect, even brand-new; yet the engine doesn't exist.

To go places with the engine, put it together exactly right. Each part must be geared to the others in such a manner that, when fuel is put into the tank and the engine started, all the energy in the fuel is converted into *motion in the right direction.*

An aimless person eats. The energy may keep his body alive but it doesn't get him anywhere. He isn't going places. Some part hasn't been hooked up right. The engine idles smoothly but it won't move the bus.

☆ I HOPE you're not a spoiled rich person. I hope you have to shift for yourself. I hope you haven't many influential friends and relatives. If you haven't, then you'll find it easy to live as Paul Satko has lived—a powerful personality on your own, thinking your own thoughts and planning your own life.

The new America will be owned and managed by you and your kind. What a great land it will be!

THE END

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

Portrait of a Man's Faith

A FOUR-STAR BROADCAST

BY BILL STERN

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

It would never do to leave sportscasting unrepresented in Liberty's series of famous radio broadcasts. Naturally, the star sportscaster's play-by-play or blow-by-blow reporting sounds better at the moment than it would read later. But that isn't all there is to sportscasting. Little classics of human interest also figure in it—witness this sample from the lips of Bill Stern, one of America's top sportscasters, whose Sports Newsreel of the Air is heard every Sunday night over the NBC Blue Network.

☆ THIS is the story of a man who took a beating from life, yet, curiously enough, his faith never wavered; and because of that man's faith in himself there's a great human story to tell. And this is the story:

Seventeen years ago Valentine Bialis was a famous ice-skating champion. Pitted against the toughest competition in the world, he burned up the ice with his speed! In 1924 Valentine Bialis was a member of the American Olympic ice-skating team. Again in 1928 he was the star of the American Olympic team. He had everything a man could possibly desire from sports—fame and glory.

Shortly before the 1932 Olympics, Valentine Bialis was driving from Minneapolis to his home in Utica. Bialis was gay; soon he would be sailing to another Olympics. He was in a hurry to get home that night—to start on his new adventure! And so he gave his car plenty of gas.

Rushing through the darkness of the night, one of his driving companions shouted: "Hey, Val—slow down! What do you think you're doin' —skating for a speed record? Come on, slow down!"

"Pipe down!" retorted Valentine Bialis, laughing. "We've got to get home—wouldn't want me to get timid after all these years? What am I afraid of—a little ice on the road?" His friend replied: "All right, go ahead and be funny; but it's slippery driving tonight—besides, I think we're close to the railroad tracks."

Before either of them knew what was happening they were at a railroad crossing—and from the darkness before them loomed a speeding train!

Valentine Bialis jammed on the brakes. The car skidded on the ice. The men tried to jump to safety—the train roared down.

It was ironic that Valentine Bialis, the famous ice-skating champion who could move faster on ice than any man in the world, should have slipped on a piece of ice when he jumped from his car. And so, when the train roared past, there beside the railroad track lay the famous Valentine Bialis, terribly hurt. He was rushed to a hospital. Doctors worked frantically over him to save his life. And finally they did—but only at the price of having one of his precious legs amputated.

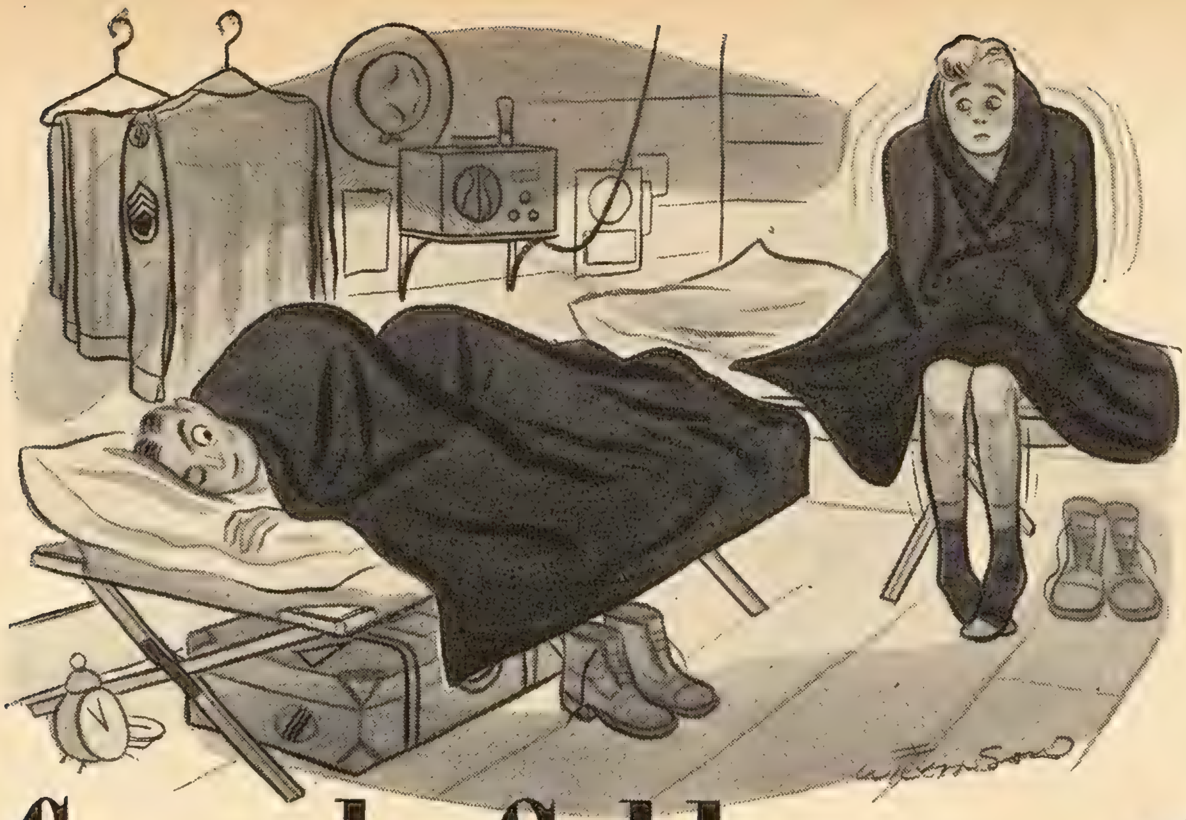
Friends tried to cheer him up—to make him forget his misery. But to all Valentine Bialis would bitterly smile and say: "I'll skate again. You watch —wooden leg or no wooden leg—so help me, I'll skate again!"

And so Valentine Bialis returned to Utica and began life anew—with the aid of an artificial limb. Slowly, painfully, he learned to walk again on his wooden leg. Before long he put on a pair of ice skates and tried to skate again—but it was a pathetic effort.

The years went by and Valentine Bialis was forgotten and his fame faded. And so it has been for nine long years. But last week a thrilling sports story came out of Utica—a story that Valentine Bialis had finally come back. A story of a man who refused to quit. Down at the bottom of the sports page you may have seen the following squib:

"Valentine Bialis, former Olympic ice-skating champion, today won the Utica Municipal *Tennis* Championship."

THE END



Gags the Soldiers *Always* Tell

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Even in war there's laughter . . Here is a classic collection of reasons why

BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

Noted raconteur and compiler of contemporary humor

☆ A BRITISH cruiser captured a Nazi ship and sent the prisoners into the hold. Captain of the cruiser addressed his own sailors: "We will maintain international law. We will treat these Nazis as prisoners of war. No rough stuff with them, remember!" A few days later one of the prisoners, sporting a black eye, complained to the captain that one of the Britishers socked him. The assailant was summoned. Before he could be reprimanded he cried, "Captain, I didn't mind it when this Nazi cursed you, me, and the ship. I controlled myself when he berated our king and queen —but I couldn't take it when he spit in *our* ocean!"

☆ YET, traditionally, Americans enjoy razzing British humor. The flippant Broadwayite says, "He who laughs last is an Englishman"—forgetting there's five hours' difference in time.

☆ FAMILIARITY breeds contempt—all nations know the same jokes. The vicious circle: Wars make historians—histories foment new wars—new conflicts start the old war gags over again—which bring on the humor historians—and if that can't start another battle, then nothing can.

☆ RESEARCH reveals that every war is replete with jokes justifying war or proving the futility of arms. Death, however, was the penalty for the commoner springing gags against the State in them bad old days. The court jester was the spokesman who dared speak jocularly to the king —but usually a brand of humor that was meant for other ears to grasp also; the forerunner of a Will Rogers—who dared tell government where to get off.

☆ THE war humor between the dawn of history and our modern way of life is pretty much of a rehash. A little of it goes a long way. The turnover on the seven original jokes, throughout the ages, is the greatest accomplishment of nature, carried on without break in continuity, until some benefactor invented, "If you've heard this one, stop me!" The same gags ran through time, for reason. Most of the jokes were so weak they didn't have strength enough to collapse. Only one era didn't depend on humor, though they had plenty of fun in their own way—in theatrical vernacular, the Borgias didn't need any gags to "lay the guests in the aisles."

☆ AN old Irish war story: "An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the Seventy-fifth Regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the Seventy-sixth." Same formula now used about telephone-number gags. Another of the period: "A sailor on his first battleship cruise nearly drowned on his first attempt at swimming, then told the captain that he would never enter the water again until he was a complete master of the art." Basis for the thought of the wisecrack came from Hierocles. Modern version is more hilarious. Max joined the navy and while out in a launch with a group, the launch capsized. As they were thrashing around in the water a lifesaver approached Max and cried, "Can you float alone?" "Yes—but is this the time to talk business?" came the reply.

☆ A RECRUIT was placed in the same tent with a tough sergeant. Then ensued the following conversation: RECRUIT: I'm shivering—gosh, it's cold! SERGEANT: Why don't you take my blanket? RECRUIT: What'll you do? SERGEANT: Crack your skull!

☆ BILL ROBINSON, ace dancer and comic, is regaling the land with this one. Rastus broke camp and was soon challenged by an outlying sentry: "Halt or I'll fill you full of lead. I mean business!" "So does I," answered Rastus. "I's got a mother in hebben, a father in de other place, and I's got a gal in Harlem—and I means to see one of them tonight!"

☆ A COLORED soldier was getting his first airplane ride when they decided to send him from Georgia to California in a rush. When the plane got to a Chicago airfield, up speeded a yellow truck and refueled the machine. At Kansas City the same procedure—up rushed a yellow truck and gave the plane another load of gas. Same in Denver. When the plane landed in San Diego, up came a yellow truck again. The pilot said to the soldier, "Have you ever seen anything go as fast as this plane across the country?" "Listen, buddy. That yellow truck didn't do so bad, either!"

☆ "A CARRIER pigeon flew across the Mediterranean and brought down four Italian planes."

More Gags the Soldiers Always Tell will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ SERGEANT YORK

Jesse Lasky, the movie pioneer, is a stubborn fellow. He decided on May 22, 1919, to film his cavalcade of the conscientious objector who darned near ruined the Kaiser's army. That was the day all New York turned out to welcome back its hero, Sergeant Alvin C. York. Lasky immediately tried to persuade York to make a film of his career, but the Tennessee mountaineer reckoned he didn't want to do it. Twenty-one years passed. World events took another ugly turn.

Lasky again felt that the York saga would make an inspirational picture for America. He wrote a letter to York. No answer. He journeyed across the country, over the dusty roads to the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf, in Fentress County, Tennessee, set to work persuading York. It was not until he showed the mountaineer farmer how proceeds from the picture would finish his incompleted Bible school building that the sergeant capitulated. York, they say, insisted upon just two things: that Gary Cooper play him, that the heroine be simple and unaffected. (I think Hollywood ought to take the sergeant out there and make him a casting director. He's magic!)

The strange story behind the film doesn't stop there. They next had a hard time persuading Cooper that the role was right for him. It wasn't until after Howard Hawks, the director, showed him a rewritten script by John Huston and Howard Koch that Gary relented and said yes.

The result is one of the really fine films of all time. Here is told with tremendous effectiveness the story of the farm boy who got religion, turned away from corn licker and hell raisin', was conscripted when World War 1 embraced America, who protested that he was a conscientious objector and couldn't kill a fellow being. But the loan of a history of the United States persuaded him, he went across with the boys from Camp Gordon, in Georgia. You know the rest, how almost single-handed he captured 132 Germans. General Pershing called him "the greatest civilian soldier of the war."

All this is related with amazing effectiveness, between Cooper's superb performance and Hawks' fine direction. The film never wavers in interest, in drama, in simplicity, in humanness. There are other excellent performances. Margaret Wycherly, as Alvin's grim, inarticulate mother, is brilliant; Walter Brennan is excellent as the backwoods preacher; Joan Leslie is just right as York's sweetheart of the Cumberland hills. And there is an outstanding, inspired bit, by George Tobias, of an ex-subway guard from the Bronx serving alongside the mountaineer in Flanders.

Go see Sergeant York. It isn't just a great film. It is an experience, a duty —indeed, a patriotic obligation. For Sergeant York is authentic, fundamental America, slow to wrath, fearless in the right when aroused. The film première was quite an event, even for New York. Alvin himself came up for the opening, a bit reluctantly, for he had been busy putting in more corn and acting as chairman of his local draft board. Besides, Gracie, his wife, was ailing.

There are some interesting incidents behind the making of the picture. One of the tough jobs was to get legal releases from some thirty-five living persons to prevent possible suits for invasion of privacy. These releases cost $250 to $1,500, depending upon the bargaining ability of the subject. York's own release cost a lot more, but the sum was never disclosed. York's father-in-law declined to sign a release, isn't in the picture.

"My dad wants me to be President when I grow up, but I'm satisfied with Roosevelt!"

After completing his Alvin York, Cooper took a long rest. And no wonder. He worked fifty-four consecutive days before the cameras. With brief respites over the nine weeks of production he mixed in fights, shod a mule, plowed fields, chopped wood, split rails, dug stumps, handled rocks, hunted game, dug trenches, and participated in drills. And Hollywood calls that acting!

It is interesting to note that Cooper and Walter Brennan first met sixteen years ago. In that first picture, a story of the African veld, Cooper did a bewhiskered pioneer while Brennan, who now does the character roles, worked without foliage.

Gary has yet to see the Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf. The shooting was all done in California. One sound-stage studio set was 250 by 135 feet, showed a road, a house, clumps of trees, a plowed field, a real stream, a valley with a stationary peak on one side and a revolving mountain on the other. This latter phenomenon, forty feet high and fifty feet in diameter, had no connection with the consumption of corn licker. It was used to get new contours for camera set-ups. The stream wound two hundred feet down the make-believe valley, between two hidden tanks. Water could be pumped back from one to the other to be reshot.

In case you care to know the lowdown on what happens to a hero after the final film fadeout: York is now fifty-four, his red hair is bushy and there's a mustache, he's a lot heftier than Gary, and there are five little Yorks, all boys. The eldest, now sixteen, is Woodrow Wilson York. All that, of course, has nothing to do with Mr. Lasky's fine film.

(Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love.

★★★—They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail.

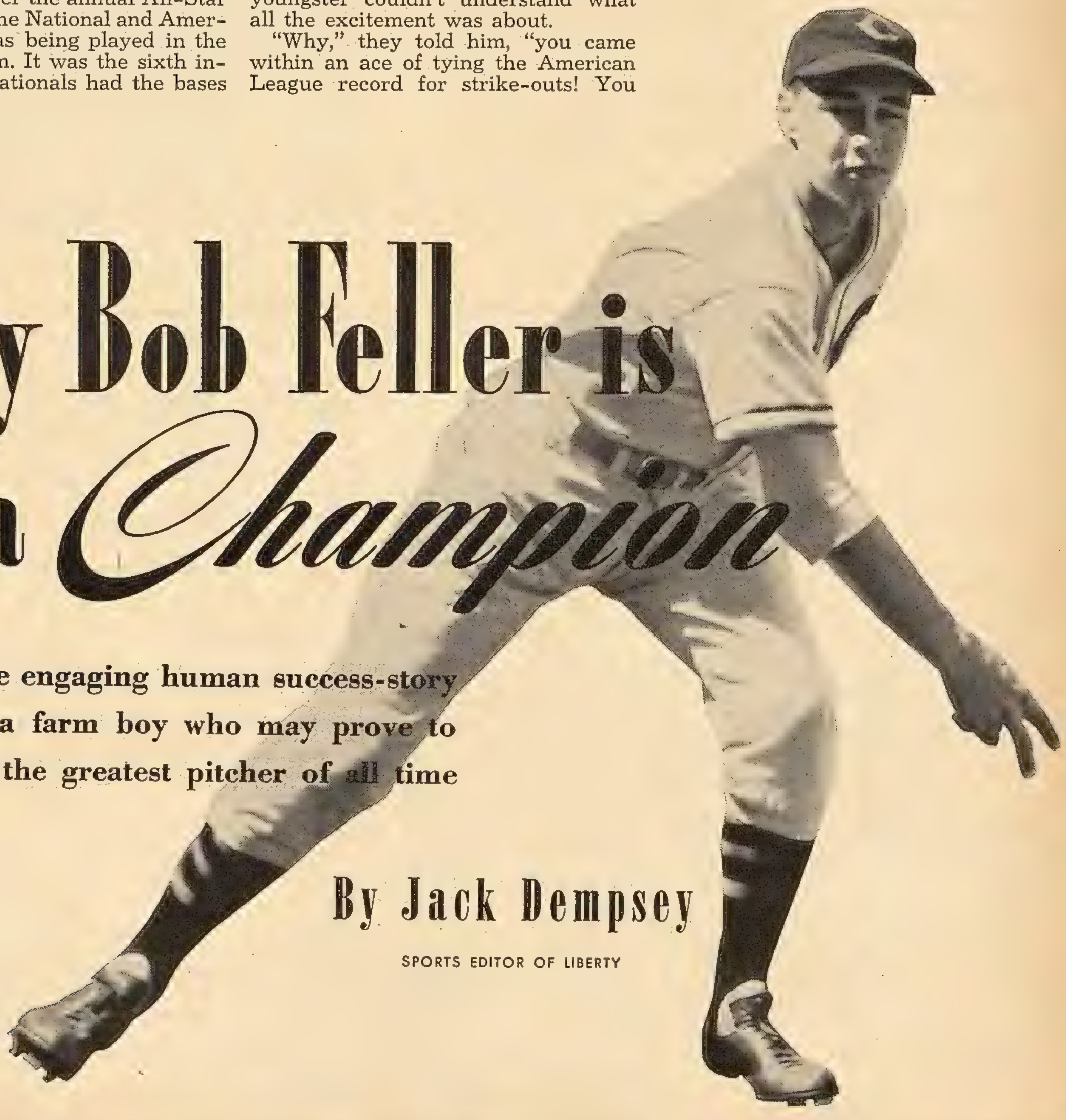
☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

I WAS A NAZI FLIER, by Gottfried Leske. Edited and translated by Curt Riess.

This is alleged to be the diary of a young Nazi bomber pilot who trained with gliders in the early undercover days and later flew scores of times over Holland, Belgium, France, and England until shot down, captured, and sent to a Canadian camp. Perhaps a typical Nazi product, he is not overly imaginative, but the factual picture disclosed of the Luftwaffe organization and his combat experience is highly interesting. There's no inherent reason to doubt its authenticity.



Why Bob Feller is a *Champion*

The engaging human success-story of a farm boy who may prove to be the greatest pitcher of all time

By Jack Dempsey

SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

☆ SOME farmers go in for raising prize pigs or other cattle; some for raising prize pumpkins or other vegetables. But it remained for Farmer Bill Feller out Ioway way to raise a prize baseball pitcher. The product of his hard labor is young Bobby Feller, the outstanding big-league pitcher of today and already being hailed by wiseacres of the game as the greatest pitcher of all time.

Bobby is *some pumpkin!* A million-dollar one, in fact.

Ever since his dad "gave him the sign" that sent him from his position at shortstop on the Oak View nine into the box against the Wintersets in the third inning with the bases full and none out, the kid has been performing dazzling feats on the pitcher's mound. That happened one Sunday morning in the spring of 1934, and Bobby proceeded to fan the next two batters. He had two strikes on the third when the runner on third base made a despairing attempt to steal home, only to be nipped by Bobby's perfect peg into the catcher's mitt, a foot above the plate.

Five years later the annual All-Star game between the National and American leagues was being played in the Yankee Stadium. It was the sixth inning and the Nationals had the bases loaded, with only one out. They were off on a rally that promised to sew up the ball game. But at this juncture Joe Cronin, manager of the Americans, thumbed Tommy Bridges off the pitching slab, and Bobby Feller ambled out of the bull pen, took his place in the pitcher's box and a solemn look around at the loaded bases, then unleashed the power of his mighty right arm to stem the rally, retire the side, and hold them scoreless for the rest of the game.

In those five years Bobby Feller, the farm kid, had become one of the lords of the pitching mound!

Today he is the most amazing pitcher in the game. He already has set all sorts of fabulous records. One of the youngest players ever to make the major leagues—he was only seventeen when the Cleveland Indians got him—he struck out eight St. Louis Cardinals in three innings in 1936 in an exhibition game. He followed this by fanning fifteen St. Louis Browns in his first entire major-league game. When the fans set up an uproar and his teammates crowded around him, slapping him on the back, the bewildered youngster couldn't understand what all the excitement was about.

"Why," they told him, "you came within an ace of tying the American League record for strike-outs! You only needed one more to turn the trick!"

"Shucks," modestly replied the kid, "I done better'n that back in Ioway."

That he wasn't being smart-alecky about it he proved a few weeks later when he blasted his fast one past seventeen Philadelphia batters, breaking the American League record and equaling the major-league mark for strike-outs held then by Dizzy Dean. A couple of years later, in 1938, he whiffed eighteen Detroit batters, setting a new major-league mark. He led his league in pitching in 1939 and 1940.

Last year he electrified the baseball world by pitching a no-hit-no-run game on the opening day of the season, against the White Sox, a feat never before accomplished, and at the end of the season he was selected unanimously by the New York Baseball Writers Association for their Player of the Year award. And this year, on a salary of $30,000, he is the highest paid pitcher in the history of the game.

(Continued on page 40)

STEPPING UP TO A "MUST" ASSIGNMENT

Railroads are now moving more tons of freight more miles than they did in the peak war-year of 1918

One year ago the American railroads looked at the transportation needs of the nation's defense program and said they could handle the job.

That was a promise, and on that promise we made good.

It was made with confidence, because our preparedness had started *twenty years before.*

Straight through tough times, the railroads had stepped up their operating efficiency and improved their equipment.

Eight billion dollars had gone into heavier rails, stronger bridges, improved safety signals, more powerful locomotives, better cars—the basic needs of faster, smoother handling of increased traffic, whenever it might come.

Since that promise was made, astounding things have happened.

The government's own appraisal of defense needs now has doubled and redoubled and redoubled again.

Consumer buying has reached a ten-year peak — which also brought increased traffic.

Demands for coal, piled up by the strike, have pyramided the job to be done in this important field of transport.

The demand for ships has brought an imperative sh of traffic from water to rails.

Today the railroads are handling an increasing portion of intercoast traffic formerly moved through the Panama Can

The railroads are ready to take over shipments from Orient—loading them on the Pacific Coast and speeding th across the continent at a saving of precious weeks.

The railroads are being called upon to take over the movem of much of the oil formerly handled by oil company ocean tanke

And under way now is one of the largest wheat harvests history—with the railroads standing by with a supply cars ample to move more wheat than can be stored.

Certainly, no other form of transportation could beg to handle this combination of assignments. No oth transportation could move the tonnage that's rolli over the rails today.

One reason railroads can do it is that today's locomoti are much more powerful—box cars are bigger and ca heavier loads than ever before. Freight trains run fast carry more and turn out more than twice as much tra portation in an hour as in 1918.

To meet their increasing responsibility, the railroads also steadily adding new equipment.

JOHN VICKERY.

They are rebuilding old cars, adding new ones. Between the fall of 1939 and of 1941, they will have put in service 1,000 locomotives, 195,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942—150,000 more in 1943.

These are important figures. But not content with this, we continue to ask ourselves, *what more can we do right now?* And in answer to this we have increased the activities of our Car Service Division, our Freight Container Bureau and our whole cooperative service to shippers.

What such cooperation can do to increase the carrying capacity of America's No. 1 transportation system is shown by such examples as these:

It would add the equivalent of 100,000 cars to the nation's supply if the average "turn-around" time of each car could be reduced one day by faster unloading — 3 times the number of cars needed to handle any transfer of traffic from the Panama Canal.

It would add the equivalent of an additional 30,000 cars if the average loading of carload traffic could be increased by one ton — by such simple improvements as better planning of packaging and loading.

How such improvements can be accomplished calls for analysis of each shipper's present methods — as well as the practices on the receiving end.

The big fact is, we are thinking ahead — studying our job for the sake of defense — and we invite every user of rail transportation to do the same.

It's a big assignment we have ahead of us. We know it — and do not propose to underestimate the challenge it presents.

But we have the organization. We have the "know how." We have the man power. And we have the determination to do this job as it should be done.

EXPERT OPINION

"The National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards has full confidence in the ability of the railroads of the United States to perform, under private management, with the cooperation of the shipping public and the government of the United States, the transportation services to be required of them by the National Defense program.

"It pledges its members and the members of its affiliated regional boards to the accomplishment of the nation's great purpose." — *(Extract from resolution of the National Association of Shippers Advisory Boards adopted at Chicago, Illinois, on June 19, 1941.)*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS **WASHINGTON, D. C.**

(*Continued from page 37*)

So far this year, as I write this, Bobby is far ahead of his record at this stage last year. He has played in twenty games, of which fourteen were "complete" games, and has won fifteen and lost three. He has scored five shutouts (which is one more than he and only two other twirlers did in the entire season last year) and has struck out 126. His percentage is .833. These figures, of course, will be changed by the time you read this, but I think they'll be proportionately the same.

* * *

WHAT makes this kid the great pitcher he is? Let's investigate: Robert William Andrew Feller was born in the white farmhouse of his father, William Andrew Feller, at Adel, a hamlet one and a half miles west of Van Meter, Iowa, on November 3, 1918—eight days before the armistice in World War No. 1. Instead of a rattle or a teething ring, little Bobby was given a regulation league baseball. You see, Papa Feller had been a pretty good semipro player in his youth, but instead of becoming a great major-league star, as he had dreamed, he had married and settled down on the farm. So, in his mind's eye, when Bobby came along, he saw the ambitious dreams of his own youth realized through this son of his.

Bobby tells me that he can remember crawling about the floor with his baseball. Later his father played catch with him in the house. As the boy grew older, the two became a battery out behind the barn, where they played catch every minute the father could spare from his farm work—and he spared a lot, for, unlike the other farmers in Iowa who grew corn and oats, he grew wheat, because it left more time for dallying with a baseball and an infant prodigy.

The general store in Van Meter waggled with the headshaking of the neighboring farmers when Bill Feller put himself in hock for a $3,500 tractor and combine so that he and his young Bobby could have still more time to "go gallivantin' around the countryside from one ball game to another, with the young sprout a-playin' and the father watchin' and coachin' and admirin' and encouragin' the boy to idle his time away at the game."

Of course young Bobby did the regular chores of a farm boy of his age, and he attended school. He grew big and strong and spent only his and his father's spare time at ball. So well did he thrive on his practice that one day, when he was nine years old, his father drew a line on the turf and told him to toe the mark and throw the ball as far as he could. The kid heaved one out over the haystack, and when Father Bill measured off the distance to the spot where the ball had landed, he found it was 175 feet!

When Bobby was eleven, he and his father built a batting cage and he began learning how to hit a pitched ball. But those games of catch continued steadily, and a year later Bobby threw his first curve ball.

"Dad and I were playing catch," he says. "I threw a ball to dad and it seemed to dip a little, and when I saw dad suddenly drop his glove a bit to make the catch I was sure it had. I kept on trying to throw another the same way and finally succeeded. But not long after that one of these curves got away from dad and the ball cracked three of his ribs.

"My first big thrill came when dad took me out to a level stretch of ground about half a mile from the house and announced he was going to build me a baseball field. 'We'll organize a team of our own,' he said. We got to work with the scraper, and by the following year we had a pretty good ball field built, with a wire backstop and stretches of chicken wire extending 150 feet along the first- and third-base lines. The stretch of ground was near a grove of oak trees, so we called our field Oak View Park, and our team, made up of farmer lads in and around Van Meter, we called the Oak Views. Dad was manager and coach, and we had many a thrilling game. I was thirteen when we built our ball park."

From that time on, young Bobby Feller was definitely headed for a baseball career. How well he has succeeded in that career is apparent from the testimony of rival ballplayers who know and appreciate the extraordinary ability of this youngster.

"He's one of the greatest pitchers I ever saw," Joe McCarthy, manager of the New York Yankees, told me. "Maybe he's the greatest *anybody* ever saw. There always has been argument as to who was the greatest of all pitchers. This kid may be the one to settle it."

Joe DiMaggio, in answer to my question, said, "How does Feller look to me? Listen. Just say he's the best pitcher living. I don't think anybody's *ever* going to throw a ball faster than he does. And his curve! It ain't human!"

Phil Rizzuto said: "I never saw anybody come close to Feller as a pitcher." Charley Keller, Joe Gordon, Bill Dickey, and George Selkirk, all heavy-hitting Yankees, had only extravagant praise for Feller's pitching. Connie Mack said, "Feller may become the greatest of all pitchers."

* * *

PITCHING against St. Louis last May 25 in his thirteenth game of the season, Feller shut out the Browns, striking out thirteen of them in the process.

Recently I watched him in action. About six feet one inch tall and weighing 185 pounds, he had speed to burn and a deceptive curve. Roger Peckinpaugh, manager of the Cleveland Indians, told me that Feller has improved greatly in the past year; that he has better control now, and more "savvy." As Walter Johnson pointed out, I noticed Bob keeps right behind the ball after he lets it shoot, so that it comes up to the batter against the background of his shirt. And with his speed, the ball is on top of the hitter before he can see it. So far as I know, Feller is the only pitcher who has this knack. He's the only one I've ever seen who had it.

Later, in the dressing room, I noticed how his back muscles stood out, long and powerful. His deltoids, or "shoulder-blade muscles," are the best developed I've ever seen, even on a fighter, and so are the biceps and triceps of his right arm. His forearm and wrist have the long supple muscles that mix power with speed.

But these are not the only things that make Feller the great pitcher he is today. I believe it's a combination of prenatal influence, lifelong application, dogged determination, and complete concentration, coupled with clean and wholesome living. He was born a ballplayer. In other words, he's just a natural. Not only was his father a ballplayer with an almost fanatical devotion to the game but his mother's father, Edward Forret, had been the best ballplayer in his neighborhood and might himself have become a big-leaguer, old-timers will tell you, "if Ed had had a curve ball."

* * *

FELLER has few interests outside of baseball. He has built a nine-room brick mansion for his parents on their 365-acre farm at Adel that is a marvel of electrical gadgets and "eyes" that open doors magically. He is devoted to his mother and father and his younger sister Marguerite. Aside from this, he eats, dreams, and breathes baseball. Always has. And the beauty of it all is that all the praise and adulation, all the ballyhoo, haven't affected him in the least. It slides off him like water off a duck's back.

He doesn't drink, smoke, or chew tobacco. He does "chew more gum than all the rest of the players on the Cleveland team," he told me. And he loves to eat, his favorite food being a big juicy steak.

Success has not gone to his head, and at heart he'll probably always be a good-natured farmer boy. Setting a strike-out record in his first year in the big leagues didn't thrill him half as much as the telegram he received from his classmates in the Van Meter High School announcing they had chosen him president of the senior class. He tutored and studied hard to merit the honor—and he did.

Last fall, after the close of the baseball season, he was engaged to appear between halves at a football game at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa. For this appearance he received $1,000. Quietly he sought out Earl Roadman, president of the college, and arranged a plan whereby Bob is providing four scholarships at $250 each year.

"When will these scholarships stop?" Feller was asked.

"When my dough stops," he replied with a boyish grin.

As he leaned back and flexed his powerful right arm, a group of admiring kids gazed in awe at his muscular forearm. "Gee, jes' like Popeye!" exclaimed one—looking popeyed himself!

THE END

WORLD CHAMPION

1941
WORLD'S
CHAMPIONSHIP
PROFESSIONAL
ONE HOUR
TYPEWRITING
EVENT

MISS MARGARET HAMMA, operating an IBM Electromatic Typewriter, established a new professional world's record of 149 words per minute for one hour.

The first half-hour of this performance won for her the amateur championship. ☆ These records were made in competition with 8 other professional contestants and 44 other amateur contestants from various parts of the United States and Canada. ☆ The competition was held under the auspices of the Ninth Annual International Commercial Schools Contest in Chicago, on June 19 and 20, 1941.

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

Footsteps Behind

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DISMISSED from her job as a school music teacher in Hickok, Nevada, because of an unpleasant incident involving a cigarette and a pupil who thought himself in love with her, Jo Lang goes East on a transcontinental bus. Also eastbound is Dick Stowe, a young aviation engineer. He gives Jo his New York business address, which she writes on the flap of an empty envelope that drops out of his bag—thereby plunging herself into a strange and dangerous adventure. The envelope, unknown to Dick, has drawn on it in invisible ink an important airplane design. His firm has taken this means to get the plan safely across the continent.

After Jo gets off at St. Paul, where she has some business, an old couple traveling on the bus dope Dick and steal his bag. When Jo arrives in New York, she is trailed by the old man of the bus, another man, and a mannish-looking woman. At a wedding reception at which she plays the piano, she is given a drugged drink and wakes up in her boardinghouse room to find it has been searched.

At last she gets in touch with Dick. He asks her for the envelope, but she hasn't got it. She had given it to the bridegroom at the wedding when he wanted to write down an address. She and Dick finally track down the man, a Dr. Grogan. But when they reach his hotel room he is dead—murdered. The envelope is nowhere to be found.

Dick decides to tell the whole story to his superior in the airplane company. Without reporting the killing, he leaves the hotel. As Jo goes out later the man and the woman who have been so constantly trailing her follow her again. Panic clutching at her heart, she walks up Broadway, trying to shake them.

At the corner of Forty-seventh Street, Teddy Halloran is broadcasting his Daily Census of Love program. He asks Jo to go on the air and she does. Pretending she and Dick have had a lovers' quarrel, she asks him to meet her on this corner of Broadway. She gives his telephone number in the hope that some one, anxious to play Cupid, will call him and that he will understand and come for her. But when Halloran and the crowd leave and the couple still stay on, she is too frightened to wait, and she rushes on up Broadway.

Finally she has an idea. Dick has said that, because of the publicity the cigarette incident received, people will always connect her with the word cigarette. So she goes into every music shop she finds and asks that a record of Two Cigarettes in the Dark be played on the loudspeaker. At the last shop she hears a news broadcast in which it is announced that Richard Stowe has been arrested for the murder of Dr. Francis Grogan. Dick can never follow her trail of clues now, she thinks hopelessly.

In the meantime, the elevator man at Dick's office has heard the Halloran broadcast. He tells Dick and Detective Corio, who has made the arrest. Dick persuades the detective to take him to find Jo. Arriving at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street, Corio decides to question a theater doorman on the next block.

PART EIGHT—A MELODY WITH MEANING

THEY heard his voice long before they saw him.

"No waiting for seats! Immediate seating in all parts of the house!" he shouted.

Dick and Corio edged over to the curb and walked up to him in the street. The doorman had the cap of his worn uniform snapped smartly to one side of his head, and his mischievous eyes peered out from beneath the visor at every girl who passed. Whenever the girl in the ticket booth would look at him, he'd go through an elaborate pantomime assuring her of his undying love. Corio caught him in the middle of such a performance and he turned around indignantly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "What's on your mind?"

"A few questions," said Corio.

"About the feature?"

"No," said Corio. "It's about that sidewalk broadcast they do on the corner. Do you ever listen to it?"

"Course not. I got a living to make, one way or another. Who are you?"

"Corio of the Homicide Squad," the detective said. "I'm looking for a girl. She was on the broadcast today. This is her picture. Did you see her hanging around the corner?"

The doorman stared at it for a long time, and slowly nodded.

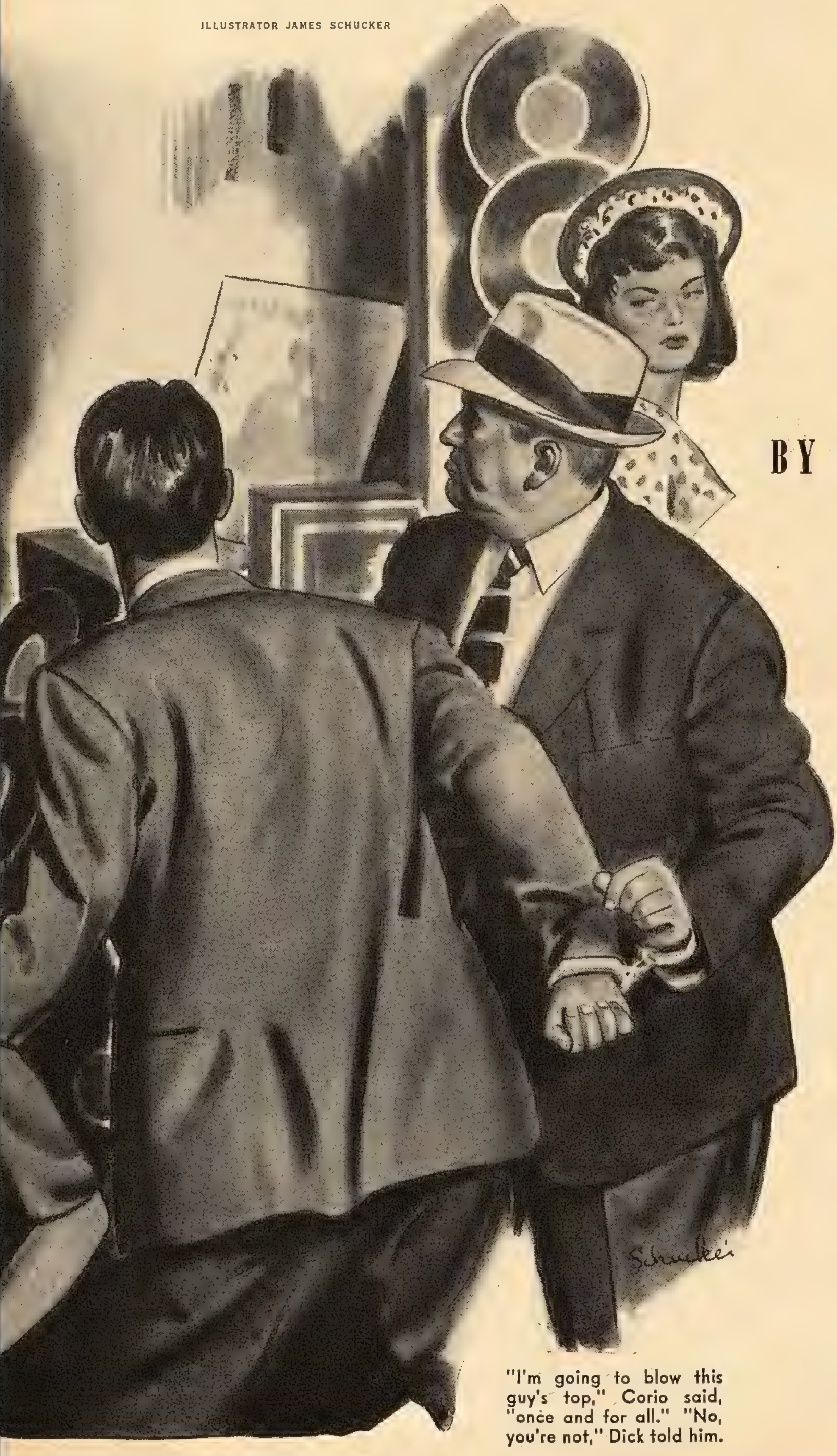
"Yeah," he said at last; "I saw her. I remember that face. That's right . . . this is the little schoolteacher. . . . I remember reading about her." He looked up from the paper and screwed his eyes up tight in a gesture of great mental effort. "Where did I see her?"

Her

Strangely now, in a tense novel, a lover pursues a frightened girl playing hide-and-seek with danger

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER



"I'm going to blow this guy's top," Corio said, "once and for all." "No, you're not," Dick told him.

He tapped his head lightly. "It's on the tip of my tongue." Suddenly he straightened up and his eyes were staring wide. "I remember now—I remember! Just a little while ago she was walking downtown, following a man and a woman. Maybe half an hour later, she goes uptown, with these people *behind* her. I remember trying to attract her attention just to make my girl friend jealous. But I didn't get a tumble."

For the first time, Corio appeared interested. "You're sure it's this girl?" he asked. "Absolutely sure?"

"Sure I'm sure," said the doorman.

"Can you remember what the other people looked like?" Dick asked. "Were they old?"

"Old? No. I'd say the man was maybe forty-five and the woman was about the same. I don't remember them so very well, except that the guy was big."

Corio turned to Dick with his annoyance very apparent.

"You seem to have been right partly, anyhow." He addressed himself to the doorman: "What makes you say that first she was following some people who later turned around and followed her? What made you think she was following them?"

"Listen, cop, I've seen enough tailing jobs in my day to know one when I see it. On the way back, when this girl was heading uptown with them two behind her, she looked plenty scared, I'm telling you! Of course it was none of my business, so I didn't stick my nose into it."

"Where was this girl when you last saw her?" Corio asked.

"Going uptown, I said. Either she went around the corner or into the game place up there. She dropped out of sight around there."

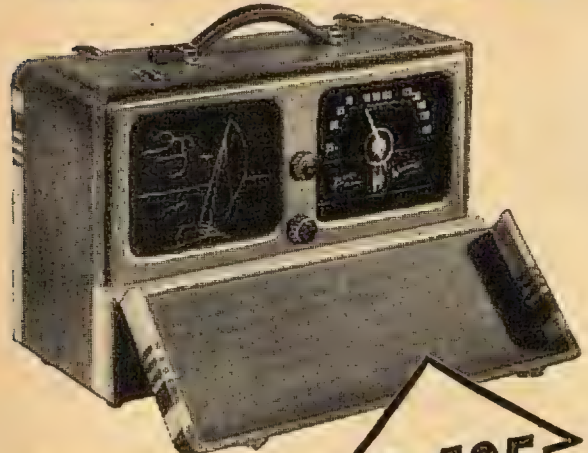
Corio yanked at the bracelets. "Come on, Stowe, let's get along."

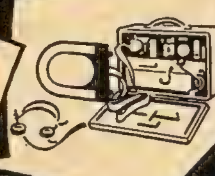
A bouncing strain of boogie-woogie rumbled from a loud-speaker in front of the game emporium, but inside the place the music was drowned in the chatter of voices, machine guns, and pinball machines. On the right, some chess games were going under a light cloud of smoke.

"See her anywhere?" Corio asked.

"No," Dick said. "I can't imagine what she'd be doing in a place like this, though. That doorman must have been wrong."

"Tell me," Corio asked with gentle bitterness. "Is it the usual thing in your set for some one to chase somebody else down Broadway, and then show up several minutes later, this time *being* chased by the chasee? To me it sounds screwy."





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A most remarkable invention . . . the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet in this new portable radio which you can carry in one hand, self-powered with a light, one-piece battery pack. Ordinarily it works without outside aerial, outside wires or ground.

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AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

"Of course it does," Dick said. "But then, why should she come in here? If she's running away from some people, why dive into a dead-end joint like this, in the first place?"

"I'll answer that when I know why she's being chased in the first place."

There were two more floors to the emporium, both like the first, but with few people around. Corio and Dick went back to the main level.

"Ask the cashier if he's seen her," Dick suggested. "He might remember her face."

The newspaper clipping meant nothing to the cashier. He suggested that the manager might be able to help.

They found the manager watching a repairman work on a pinball machine near the front entrance. Right behind him was the record machine, and two boys were draped over it.

"You're Corio, ain't you?" the manager asked.

"That's right. I don't know you, though."

"We never met, but you were pointed out to me."

Corio showed him the clipping. "Ever see her?"

The manager pressed his lips in reflection. He was a big man, bigger than his clothes allowed for.

"Can't say that I did." He handed the paper back, shaking his head. "I'd like to oblige, but if she ain't been in here, she just ain't." He smiled. "How recently was she supposed to have come around? This month sometime?"

"Within the last half hour," said Dick.

The manager shook his head. "Then it's out. I didn't see her. I'll take it around to a few of the boys in the place. Maybe they saw her."

He gave it to the mechanic. Dick nibbled his lip impatiently. This was the unlikeliest place in the world for Jo to be. The music flowed over him like a fine sticky spray, and the foolish chatter of the boys was carried along with it, almost as good measure.

* * *

"DID you think she was so pretty?" one of the boys was saying. "I mean pretty enough to marry, like he wanted to?"

"Not me," was the answer. "After all, she's no chicken any more. She must be at least ten years older than we are, if she's a day."

The mechanic cut in on Dick's haphazard eavesdropping. "Never saw her in my life," he said. "Not a bad-looking piece, though."

"Ask some more guys," Corio said. His voice was soft and expressionless.

"O. K." The manager shrugged. He turned to one of the chessplayers, a young-looking rabbit with a threat of a mustache on his lip. "These guys are looking for this girl. I don't remember seeing her, d'you?"

The chessplayer looked up, frowning, from his game, and took the paper. But he put it down, without looking, on the table beside him until he made his move.

"Of course," one of the boys behind Dick was remarking, "I didn't know who she was until she'd gone. The girls may think she's swell, but by and large I say she gave high schools a bad name."

"I never saw her," said the chessplayer. "Of course, I have a bad memory for faces. I can remember chess moves and jokes, but not faces."

"That'll be all," the manager said. "Go on with your game."

"Anybody else who might have seen her?" Corio asked.

The manager shrugged. "A dozen people *might* have seen her," he said. "You can ask all you want, but I've been standing here for over an hour now." His broad, heavy face was bland. "I've been standing here, I say, and I don't remember seeing any dame at all come in here. In here, we cater to the male element mostly. The items we carry don't attract women. Who told you she came in here?"

"Doorman down the block. He said she either came in here or went around the corner."

"It's a safe bet, then, she went around the corner."

"Guess you're right," said Corio. "C'mon, Stowe, give me the picture and let's get going."

"I haven't got it," said Dick. "You put it down on the chess table."

"That's right," the manager said. "I saw it there myself."

* * *

THEY started a brief search, but Corio stood up with a grunt of disgust. One of the music-box boys in the De Witt Clinton sweaters was studying the picture.

"See," he said. "It didn't look much like her."

"You're right." The other one took the picture out of his hand and studied it dispassionately. "It's her hair. That's what looks different. That's why I didn't know who she was until later."

"But I still wouldn't marry her . . ."

"What the hell *is* this?" Corio demanded. "Give me back my picture. You saw this girl?"

"Sure."

"Where?"

"Right here. We were playing Tommy Dorsey's . . ."

Corio was whirled around by the chessplayer. His face was white, and as he spoke his gestures were exaggerated with nervousness.

"I don't know why you suspect me," he babbled. "I didn't do anything. There's no need to stare at me that way. What I meant to say all along was this: she could easily have played chess with me and I wouldn't remember her. That's how bad my memory is. Say . . ." His voice deepened as he dragged out the word. "What d'you know! It's slowly coming back to me. Let's see that picture again to refresh my memory."

The manager shoved him roughly back into his seat.

"Shut up!" His voice was still bland, but there was an ugly strength in its quietness. "The girl was here, Corio. She walked out maybe half an hour, twenty minutes ago."

"Is that so?" Corio replied softly. "Well, what a coincidence that you should remember it all so clearly!"

"What of it? You got nothing on me. I just didn't remember at first, that's all. . . . Don't give me the frozen eye, Corio. I got my opinions and my rights."

"Who were the people she was with?" Dick cut in.

"How should I know? Just a man and a woman, as far as I could see."

"You must have seen a little more," Dick went on, "or you wouldn't be trying to cover for them."

"I tell you, I don't know them."

"You'll tell it to the jury if you keep this up," Corio said. "This little caper was murder, pal, and there's laws about that."

☆

"MURDER?" The man swallowed hard and moistened his lips. When he began to speak again, his voice was querulous. "Why didn't you tell me? How was I supposed to know about that? That's a fine thing not to tell a guy!"

"Come on," Corio said. "Don't give me any of that cheap ethics. What d'you know?"

"This little dame walks in, all excited, and sits down there at the chess table and keeps looking out of the windows like she's looking for somebody. Pretty soon another party, a beefy dame, maybe forty or fifty, comes up to me. This party says she'll give me fifty bucks if I bounce the mouse. Well, now, fifty bucks is real money. I don't ask her no questions for that kind of dough. So I did what she wanted. I give the tomato the arm. That's all, I swear."

"What happened then?" Dick asked.

"Nothing. This kid is standing out on the sidewalk, and the party who slips me the dough is standing maybe thirty feet away with a big guy. Then the little dame turns around fast and walks uptown, with the other two behind her. That's straight, Corio."

"Would you recognize the big dame and the big guy?"

"If I saw 'em again, I would. But I'd swear I never seen 'em before. They looked honest, all right; even a little bit hickish. But they acted too smart—much too smart. I wouldn't want to be caught crossing them."

The chessplayer and the two boys stared at Dick and Corio with mouths gaping as the two left. The music from the record machine blared out after them.

"I'm going to fix that guy," Corio said. He turned and shouted back at the top of his voice: "Turn that loudspeaker down. That's a violation of the noise regulations!"

He snorted. "I hate that kind of punk," he said. "He's venal, that's what he is!"

The thought of the manager obviously rankled and as they walked uptown Corio was really in an irritable mood, and so when he passed a music store whose phonograph was roaring out across Broadway, he marched straight up to the door and shouted in:

Fish won't bite for Jim

Jim needs a laxative; but this is the first day of his vacation.

His wife says: "You don't want to give up the whole day's fishing, do you, dear?"—so he puts off getting needed relief.

Poor Jim poses for a picture of "the discouraged fisherman." The hot sun makes his headache worse.

The fish won't bite. Jim is ready to call it a day. His vacation is off to a bad start.

Tom lands a big one

Tom needs a laxative; he's going fishing, too. But his wife knows how speedy Sal Hepatica is.

She says, "Don't put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning."

Here's Tom posing as a regular Izaak Walton! Sal Hepatica worked easily and effectively.

Tom feels great. He casts his line with a sure hand and pulls in a big one!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

Vacations are fun, but they sometimes have their off moments. Change of water, change of diet can upset your normal routine and bring the need for a laxative.

When that happens, don't mope through precious holiday hours. Take speedy Sal Hepatica. Within an hour, you're usually relieved.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting needed water bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort, irritation or griping.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline.

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too. Vacation-bound or staying at home, next time you need a laxative, try *speedy* Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

Why make me suffer from FLEAS, boss..

-when you could give me such *quick relief* with PULVEX

Use quick-kill, borated Pulvex Flea Powder and in a short time your flea-bitten pet *will find life worth living again.*

Rid your tormented dog of fleas quick! For fleas may also give him tapeworms, heartworms. At first sign of scratching, use Pulvex, the flea powder with the 4-in-1 formula. Pulvex, dusted all over (1) actually kills all the fleas; none revive to reinfest; (2) quickly helps soothe irritations from scratching; (3) prevents reinfestations for several days; (4) kills any ticks, lice which also may be present.

ALSO KILLS FLEAS WHEN APPLIED TO A SINGLE SPOT

To give their flea-bitten dogs these 4 all-important benefits, over 3,000,000 owners formerly paid 50c for Pulvex. Now available at 25c. At all drug, pet, and department stores.

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This Different Dog Book tells how best to raise, train, housebreak puppies; how to give indoor dogs more pep, longer life. Money-saving diets, Etc.

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Clear, soothe TIRED EYES in seconds!

DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with your looks. Two drops of EYE GENE speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, over-indulgence, etc. Try this specialist's formula, today, and see how refreshed your eyes feel. EYE GENE is on sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

Use EYE-GENE

"Turn that thing down! What d'you think this is, a carnival midway or something?"

"I'm sorry," said the clerk. He didn't have to ask to see a badge. He recognized the voice of authority. "A customer was in here and she asked to hear it."

"Well, turn it off," Corio snapped. The clerk obeyed and pressed a switch. The chorus died on the word cigarette.

"I can't understand it," Corio said. "Some days everything goes nice and smooth, and on others all you meet is a kind of anarchy. Everybody turns out to be fresh and lousy. It seems to go in cycles, like sunspots. Do you think there's any connection?"

"No sunspot ever affected me," Dick said. "How about this bracelet? Don't you think you ought to take it off?"

"Why should I?" demanded Corio. "How much more do I know? All I've learned is that there's a girl involved, and these other people. I've seen nothing to convince me that you're any better than they."

"Now, look. It's obvious that Jo's in trouble. I admit that I don't know why they're chasing her, but they are, and they aren't pleasant people. They don't have to stop short at murder."

"Oh, that I admit. I'll even go so far as to say that I suspect you're telling the truth."

"Well, then . . ."

"Well, then nothing!" Corio said sharply. "I say that I *think* you're telling the truth. But why should I trust my own judgment? Damn it, there's another of those braying music shops! I'm going to put a stop to this once and for all. How I hate that song! . . . Turn it off!" he bellowed into the store. "D'you want a summons?"

They went on and passed another theater, but the doorman shook his head at seeing the picture.

"Never saw her in my life," he said.

☆ DICK was becoming impatient, but Corio quieted him. "What do you expect? You're looking for one person in a city of seven million. You have to be patient. Sometimes it takes months."

But he blew up a few seconds later as they came within earshot of another record store.

"I can't understand it!" he moaned. "And always that same cigarette song!"

"Come on," Dick said impatiently. "Don't bully the poor fellow. We've got other things to do right now."

He tugged at the bracelet; but Corio was planted firmly in front of the shop, staring at the loud-speaker as though it were cursing him.

"Can't they play anything else?" he asked rhetorically. "Isn't there at least one other song . . ."

"Most likely everybody's buying it," said Dick. His voice started out very briskly, but the end of the sentence trailed off as though his mind had suddenly been focused on something else. "Come on inside that store," Dick said. "Let's find out about that record." He sounded brisk and excited now.

"I'm going to blow this guy's top," Corio said, "once and for all!"

"No, you're not," Dick told him. "You're going to show him Jo's picture. Playing that record in every music store we've passed so far means something—and that something is Jo."

☆ THEY watched Jo silently, this man and woman she knew so well. She knew their faces, voices, desires, and potentialities, but not their names. Outside of tracking her down, they had no other purpose or place in life. And so they needed no names, because they weren't people; they were forces shaping her life.

It was impossible that they could know what had happened to Dick; yet to Jo it seemed that their very presence had an air of mockery. Nothing had changed in their attitudes, their expressions, or their persistence.

At first they had seemed inescapable. Then, when she had spoken over the radio in order to reach Dick, their menace had become neutralized. Her assurance disappeared when the broadcast was over, only to be revived in the first music store, to die this time in the last, and to die forever. Dick could not come now. Suddenly cold terror seized her. What was she to do?

It seemed pointless to keep on running this way; the farther she got from the crowded streets, the easier it would be for her pursuers. Surrender presented itself as an alternative. Perhaps, she reasoned, they didn't mean to harm her, after all. They might merely want information or a promise of silence. All that could easily be delivered.

Too easily. If she could speak to them, she could repeat it to some one else a little later. If she could make a promise to them through fear, some one else could frighten her into their betrayal. It was appallingly clear that Jo could never come to terms with them. To be able to bargain with an enemy, you must have something to hold in reserve which he fears; and Jo had nothing.

She had no alternative. The choice was between surrendering so that they might kill her more easily, or to keep running in the hope of some break. The only thing Jo could see that would bring her reassurance was to be with Dick.

After all, she could certainly be of some use to him. She knew that he didn't commit the murder. Jo was Dick's alibi. She had been with him all morning.

The man to see was Wharton. There was always the vague hope that she might be able to convince him, where Dick had failed. At least he could tell her where their hope lay, if only in a negative sense.

The problem was, how to reach him. She knew vaguely how to get there by subway, but it would be impossible to walk into a station or a train with those two people behind her. There were too many opportunities for accident.

Before she could get to Wharton, then, it was absolutely necessary either to get rid of them completely, or to be so far ahead that they couldn't get near her.

Jo walked quickly up the street with no definite plan in mind but with a heightened awareness. There was a chaos of half-formed strategies in her head, vaguely sensed gambits, each one the foundation for a whole series of actions—but now simmering, waiting, grasping for a cue which would demand the adoption of one and the crystallization of her mind into one pattern of escape.

She was walking past a large automobile store, and the window display lights were already turned on. Discreet advertising placards were repeated every few feet in the showcase. Their message came to her again and again like the growing whisper of a counseling friend. Jo entered the store.

It was a quiet place. The floors were colored tile, and the antiseptically new cars were arranged at suitable intervals, like furniture in a mannered living room. Far in the back was a delicate desk, and seated on its top were two salesmen talking to a third who sat in a swivel chair.

The man in the chair was the first to see Jo, and he rose, coming toward her.

"Yes?"

"I noticed the sedan in the window," Jo said. "The convertible one."

The salesman glanced approvingly at the long maroon car.

"It's the Dreadnought Twelve," he said. "We have four lines," he added confidentially. "The Dreadnought and the Phantom Twelve and two eights." He dismissed the eights as stepchildren. His voice tailed off when he spoke of them. "The Dreadnought, though, is our pride. It has the cradle-slung engine and cantilever pistons synchronized thirty degrees out of phase in alternate cylinders. This has the advantage of a multi-compressional wave that makes for a mechanical vibration of high frequency which the rubber cushioning damps out . . ."

"How exciting!" said Jo. "But there's a sign in the window . . ."

"The most interesting feature," he said, not hearing her, "is the frictionless viscosity gear coupling, which is absolutely flawless from a hydrodynamic point of view . . ."

"So I've heard," said Jo. "That's why I came in. But the sign says . . ."

☆ HE jabbered on. Jo looked past him into the street, but the lights in the window were reflected back by the enormous pane, so that everything outside looked as though it were seen through a thin curtain.

"You couldn't make a finer investment at this time," the man was saying. His hair was thin and his forehead gleamed pinkly. On his vest he wore a small fraternity pin and from his watch chain hung a small basketball and a Phi Beta Kappa key. In his lapel was another little metal insigne, and on his left hand he wore a heavy ring with ritualistic tracing on a black stone. He was an organizational inter-

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When feet are hot and steaming in sultry summer weather, Athlete's Foot is most apt to strike. Your excessive perspiration feeds the Athlete's Foot fungi . . . makes them grow twice as fast! It also irritates the skin between your toes until it cracks, exposing raw flesh to an invasion of this agonizing skin infection.

Raw Open Cracks FLASH *DANGER*

Athlete's Foot fungi feed on dead skin and stale perspiration. When the skin cracks open, they strike through those cracks and spread quickly. Toes redden and itch painfully. Patches of dead skin flake off. You know it's Athlete's Foot!

SOAK those Cracks TONIGHT!

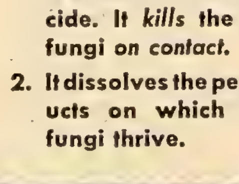
Don't take chances with Athlete's Foot! Soak the first sign of a crack between your toes with Absorbine Jr., *full strength*, night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is a powerful fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **Eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.**

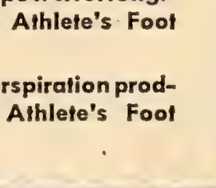
Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. *$1.25 a bottle at all druggists. Get a bottle today!*

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact!

Also QUICK RELIEF for:
Sore, aching muscles · Tired, burning feet · Sunburn · Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects.



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact. No longer can they grow, causing pain and misery.

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

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Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream, as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, suntanned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the softer, whiter, smoother underskin. Try this famous complexion lightener, Mercolized Wax Cream now. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

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Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

CHASERS

KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH

Package of 5 tablets 5¢

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

nationalist with comrades in every capitalistic country in the world. "At this time, with values fluctuating so widely, the only safe investment is in the machine and machine products. I needn't tell you how interest rates have dived and zoomed . . ."

"No need at all," said Jo. "But, as I told you, the sign . . ."

"And as for market quotations—well, it's just . . ." He caught himself, and then stared at her. "What sign are you talking about? I believe you said something about a sign."

"Yes, I did. There is a sign which says that you'd be glad to give a demonstration of any model shown, and I thought . . ."

"But of course we'd be glad to arrange a demonstration," he said, smiling. "All the build-up in the world can't compare with the actual performance itself. When would you like to go?"

"Right now, if it can be arranged."

"Why, of course it can. I'll have a driver bring down a car at once."

He walked back to the desk and Jo trailed after him. As she approached, the two salesmen stopped their conversation, stared at her, and then with a common motion got off the top of it, walked off to another corner out of earshot and resumed their talk.

The salesman picked up the telephone and waited for a moment, tapping the desk in time to a tune he must have been humming to himself.

"Walter?" The tapping ceased. "Walter, send me down the Dreadnought for demonstration." He nodded his head and said, "O. K., that'll be all right," in answer to a question.

Then he turned to Jo, after hanging up. "It'll be down in a few minutes. Suppose you wait around the corner. You can go through the store to Eighth Avenue. I'll meet you in a minute or two by the elevator."

☆ THE very size of the showroom gave it a cavernous gloom. The lights in the ceiling seemed miles away, and feeble at that. Jo looked past the man at a passing trolley outside. The yellow square of the lighted windows swayed with motion, reminding her of a huge segmented caterpillar. The car passed, and the only lights in the gray street came from the show window across the street.

The sidewalk outside was empty. Her two people were gone, and, with another glance to make sure that they weren't watching her, Jo nodded to the salesman and slipped away between the cars.

It was the delay, if only for a few minutes, which worried her. She wanted to be gone immediately, before they could do anything about following her. Standing still in this empty, still space, accompanied only by still unused automobiles, gave her the same feeling as though she were standing in a morgue.

The seconds crawled by. From far above her head she could hear distant male voices and the quiet rumble of a motor. Every so often she would hear a metallic clank like the tolling of a cracked bell as some mechanic hammered a piece of metal, perhaps a fender or a frame. Beneath her feet the subway cars whispered past.

Slowly, a wide door in the wall before her opened. It swung wide, and Jo could see only a pitch-blackness. A red light gleamed at her as it seemed to drift downward through viscous space. Then she saw that it was an automobile elevator, and a shining car was on it.

The elevator stopped, and a single pale bulb was snapped on in the shaft. She saw a man in overalls step into the car and drive it backward into the store. He got out, nodded to her, and then walked over to a huge glass door which fronted on the side street off Eighth Avenue. A gust of fresh air came through the opening, weakening the odor of leather grease and metal.

The attendant got back into the car and turned it half about, so that it now faced the open street door. He held the door open for her, and Jo got in next to the driver's seat. Her back was to the store. The driver got out and left as Jo heard the approaching footsteps of the salesman. Jo recognized his cheerful voice.

"This is it," he was saying. "One ride will convince you."

Jo was about to make a polite reply, waiting for him to come into view. But the salesman was still behind the car, and from where Jo was sitting she couldn't see him in the mirror.

"And the comfort of the seats is something. Too many people complain that the seats in most recent models recline too much, and so we've made the angle of inclination adjustable. This holds only for the back seats. You must try it."

☆ REALLY, thought Jo. Here I am, sitting so comfortably in the front, and now I've got to get out and climb in the back. All she was interested in was to have some one get into the car and drive off, away from this street, anywhere—but now.

The man continued to chatter. He must have been standing near one of the rear fenders. Jo decided it would be best to humor him. Wearily she started to climb out. But as soon as she turned she saw that he hadn't been talking to her at all.

He had opened the door to the rear of the car as Jo peered out from under the low roof and saw that there were two people with him. She could see past the salesman, but the top of the automobile window cut them off above the waist. Jo was paralyzed into immobility when she saw that they were a man and a woman. She saw that the man was carrying a tabloid paper rolled up, and the woman was clutching a magazine!

Is Jo trapped at last? Is the salesman an innocent tool or is he an accomplice of the man and woman? Alone, friendless, faced with terrible danger, what can Jo do? Read the coming installment in which the story speeds toward a thrilling and unexpected climax!

FUNNY ABOVE THE EARS—Continued from Page 11

Personally, I don't think it's fate. It's more, I think, psychology. When the Casey was putting his good hard cash on the nags, he selected them too safe, I figure. When he starts to play them only for fun, without the money, he forgets the dope sheets and gives his luck a fair chance.

I give him the benefit of my psychology knowledge from high school. "Instead," I say, "of making believe you're playing them but not using money, you better start making believe you aren't playing them, only put the money up. If you would do this quick, while you've still got this hot spell—"

The Casey stops me. "I should let," he says, "the grandest girl in the world walk out on me forever? You would want," he says, "I should break a heart of gold?"

* * *

"COME down," I say, "out of the trees. If you had foolishly played that three hundred fifty-five bucks instead of sensibly saving it in the bank, you would now have your nest egg and be all settled down, happy ever after."

"Yes," says the Casey; then, like he suddenly remembers something, "No."

"No what?" I say.

"No happiness," says the Casey, "in a household ruled by the specter of chance."

"Beg pardon?" I say.

He repeats it, word for word.

"Where," I ask him frankly, "did you ever hear that one?"

"Marie," says the Casey. "Her talk is beautiful."

I see what he means when I meet Marie the following Friday noon. She makes How-do-you-do sound like a handful of low notes on the harp. And the scenery befits the melody. I never knew they had Maries like this Marie in banks. I thought all these kind of Maries were in Hollywood under a different name. Even with the Casey's green shirt with the tie with flowers she still goes good.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," I say, and I'm being conservative.

We're in Willy's Diner, where the Casey brings his bottle to have Willy break it for them. This week there's twenty dollars in the bottle. Marie counts it carefully and says, "Wasn't there another five, Danny Boy?"

"You mean," says the Casey, "that five I didn't play on Aladama?"

"The same," says Marie.

"Well," says the Casey, "it's as good as saved, although I haven't got it right now."

"Where is it?" says Marie.

"I loaned it," says the Casey, "to a friend in need."

Marie looks close at the Casey, but there's no need for her to be suspicious, and I frankly tell her so, because I'm the friend who was in need.

"It was very kind of the Casey," I say, "to put his trust in me, and I'm purposely here to make a clean breast of the matter."

"It's quite all right," says Marie very nicely.

"Only," I say, "I didn't need that five for a dentist bill, as I said I did. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I needed that five spot to play what looked to me like a sure thing in the second at Tropical."

The Casey stares at me like I've just been revealed as the butler with the queer eye who turns out to be the slayer. Marie nods her head like I-told-you-so, giving the Casey a look. This look easily translates, "You see before you a typical victim of the specter of chance."

"I'm sorry about it," I say, "believe me, and I mean to make it up to both of you." From my pocket I extract a wad of U. S. currency. "The nag I needed the five for," I say, "was a Triple-X long shot from the Casey Daily Specials."

I split the stack of lettuce into two equal parts and place one in front of Marie. "Since," I say, "it was the Casey's own selection and the Casey's own five-dollar bill which combined to produce this bumper crop, it's only fair that half the take should go to your little nest egg. The other half I will retain as my service charge for having kept the original five spot out of that long-necked bottle. Congratulations and God bless you both."

All of which melodrama I have carefully rehearsed for the purpose of showing the Casey and his lady the error of their ways.

The sight of that pile of cash deeply touches the Casey; but Marie, I guess, is used to seeing chunks of the stuff while at work in the bank. She calmly removes a five from the pile, pushes the rest back at me, and says, with a touch of sharp notes in that symphonic voice, "Thank you for the prompt return of the loan. Punctuality," she says, "is the keynote of credit."

* * *

"WHO," says the Casey, "was this prodigal horse in question?"

"Aladama," I say.

The Casey goes into a trance. "Aladama," he says softly. "A nag with a heart. A little fighter. A nag to watch. In three starts that little—"

"Shall we," Marie cuts in, "be getting to the bank?"

"What?" says the Casey.

"Bank," says Marie.

"Oh," says the Casey, coming to. "Bank. Sure."

"You wouldn't," I say to him, "know of a very good thing for tomorrow, would you?"

"Offhand," snaps the Casey, "no." And they leave for the bank with their twenty-five bucks while I pocket my wad of ill-gotten gain. You can hear Marie explaining as they go. Chance, she is telling the Casey, is a will-o'-the-wisp that leads you on to the heights, then drops you on your head.

Since they refuse to accept their half of the sugar from Aladama, I in-

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vest it in the Casey's Triple-X Saturday Special. This is a four-legged animal with the name of Wild Way. I'm not yet convinced it's a horse. I never yet located anybody who saw it come in.

The rest of the sugar I collected from Aladama I give back to the bookies while trying to make up for Wild Way. I'm left without the price of a beer.

"If I ever," I say to the barkeep, "play a long shot again, I hope I break a leg and they shoot me."

The Casey arrives in a mauve shirt with a tie with letters all over it, Marie's initials they are. He passes up the matches. He buys a shot for me and the barkeep. He's whistling quietly. He's whistling Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder? Often of a Saturday night I've heard him sing that poignant ditty. Never before have I heard him whistle it. Never before have I heard him whistle anything.

Passing up a freckled-faced kid and then whistling. It looks, for a fact, like the Casey is purposely pulling Fate's tail in hopes of making everything work out right in his little black book. I begin to agree with the barkeep. The Casey, I feel, was born odd above the ears. The old family curse has come out on him.

He helps himself to my pencil and checks with the little book.

"How you stand?" I inquire, merely for the sake of some conversation that may lead to another shot.

"I never picked them worse in my life," he says, "than I picked them today."

"So I heard," I say.

"If I'd played them," he says, "on down the line, I'd be out a month's pay."

"At least," I say.

"I hope," he says, "you didn't do anything foolish with that lucky dough you got on Aladama."

"Don't worry," I say. "It's in the bank."

He looks at me fondly. "I didn't think," he says, "you had it in you. Nice going. You know for a fact," he says, "you can't beat the ponies in the long run. My streak has finally busted. It's always the way."

☆

I SEE him Sunday in the park with Marie. They're laughing and giggling and feeding the squirrels. They're looking like young love come true in spite of a checkerboard shirt with a tie with polka dots.

I see them again Monday evening, going by Willy's Diner on the bus. They aren't laughing and giggling any more. In the Casey's Monday Specials he hit the nags on the nose one-two-three all over the place.

Tuesday he does fair. Wednesday he pulls a long shot out of his hallucinations. Thursday he gets another long shot. All this time I'm just an innocent financially embarrassed bystander. It gives me the fidgets.

Friday I've come by sufficient spare change to satisfy the time-payment people another week and also purchase an occasional hamburg should the fancy for eating strike me. I picture the time-payment people. I picture a Triple-X long shot in the Casey Specials, an animal called Daddy's Girl. I picture Marie and the specter of chance and starvation. Then I get together everything I've got, except a dime and two pennies I overlooked in my other coat, and I put it all on Daddy's Girl to win.

There's no doubt about it: I'm now as crazy as the Casey is. And it's O. K. with me if I never get better. Daddy's Girl is not only a long-shot winner. Daddy's Girl, bless her soul, is such a long-shot winner that it's headlines in every sport page in town. It's said that certain people around who had seen the Casey's Triple-X Special selection but didn't do anything constructive about it, these people turned gray overnight. I do not know of any case exactly like that, but the case of the Casey is almost as bad.

The color is still in the Casey's locks, but it's gone out of him everywhere else. He's even on Saturday wearing a black shirt which certainly harmonizes with his spirit in general. He chews up so many matches at the bar, the barkeep puts the rest of them away.

☆

MARIE, when I see her again at Willy's Diner, is somewhat upset by the Casey's low altitude, although you have to look hard to notice it. Marie is a proud one.

I cut in on their bottle-breaking ceremony. This time they've saved thirty dollars. The Casey has got a five-dollar weekly raise from the Feedbox Bulletin.

"The boss," says the Casey, "is very pleased. The boss cleaned up a mess of cabbage on Daddy's Girl."

"Who didn't?" I say.

"I didn't," says the Casey.

"The bank," says Marie, "closes at three."

The Casey has a couple of only plausible weeks after that, with several bad days in between. Then he explodes with some more of those rare choices nobody ever heard of, and they pay like hitting the jack pot. By this time the Casey's condition is deplorable. I really begin to get sorry for the guy. So does the barkeep. The barkeep even puts the matches back on the bar.

"Help yourself," he says to the Casey. "Any time."

But the Casey sits there like he doesn't know we are around.

"Danny Boy," I say, "don't let it throw you. You can't go on like this, picking winners. It's a common fact," I say, "which everybody knows—you can't beat the nags in the long run."

"How would you like," says Casey, " a crack in the nose?"

"Danny Boy," I say, "I'm not kidding. I got a hunch your streak is about to break, and break for good."

"Yeah?" says the Casey. "Well, I got a hunch, too. I got a hunch I'm about to come forth with something that will make Daddy's Girl look like the merry-go-round mount with the lavender eyes."

He goes into his trance.

"My Triple-X Long-Shot Special for tomorrow," he says. "A guy could put five hundred bucks on this little fighter, a little nobody, known simply as Duck Bumps. . . ."

"Duck Bumps?" I say, and the barkeep writes it down.

"At Santa Anita, in the fifth."

"You sure?"

"I never," says the Casey, "felt righter in my life."

He looks, for a fact, like he's about to float quietly off his chair and drift upward to the ceiling.

"Five hundred bucks," he whispers.

THE AUTHOR

DUNLEA HURLEY was born in St. Louis. He quit college in his sophomore year for a newspaper job. Since then he has worked as reporter, editor, and copyreader. He started free-lancing in fiction last October. He is married and has two small daughters. His home is in New Jersey.

"A lousy five hundred bucks to buy a small fortune."

"Where," I say, "would a guy get five hundred bucks?" I'm speaking to the gods, but the answer comes from the Casey.

"One place," says the Casey, "would be the bank."

"What bank?"

"The Third Avenue Merchants and Trust Company Bank," says the Casey.

"You mean—" I say. "You wouldn't! Not your nest egg!"

"It's not like I was doing her a double cross," the Casey says slowly. "You understand that, don't you? It's for her as well as for me," he says. "You don't like to see the woman you love slaving her life away in a lousy bank, do you? A guy don't want to go to the altar in a wheel chair, does he?"

"Danny Boy," I say, "don't do it!"

"Don't do what?" says the Casey.

"Don't," I say, "sneak your nest egg out of that bank."

The Casey laughs. Maybe he's hysterical.

"Already snuck it," he says.

I order a double rye.

"Make it two double ryes," says the Casey.

"On me," says the barkeep, and joins us.

Next day the barkeep puts a fellow in his place behind the bar so he can go with me to meet the Casey in the poolroom up at the corner behind the cigar store where it's the next best thing to being at the track, a guy calling the races as they run them, quarter by quarter.

The barkeep brings a bottle to see us through. He's got the trembles. I'm no pillar of stone myself. And we both forget to put up a penny, we're that busy worrying for the Casey.

"Even," says the barkeep, "if this Duck Bumps should win, how is the Casey going to square it with the little lady, risking their five-hundred-dollar nest egg without a word to her?"

"I guess he figures," I say, "she'll get over it in the delightful sea breezes."

"What delightful sea breezes?" says the barkeep.

"Where they will cruise on their honeymoon," I say, "with the small fortune they collect on Duck Bumps."

"Only," says the barkeep, "if by some peculiar quirk of conditions, just for the sake of argument, let us say, this Duck Bumps does not win at all."

"Duck Bumps," I say, "has got to win." It's a prayer.

"Amen," says the barkeep.

We sit at a table in the smoke clouds of the poolroom with a noisy mob. About a minute before Duck Bumps gets the big chance, the Casey joins us, refusing a drink. He's as pale as his pearl gray shirt with a tie with apple blossoms.

He gets after the box of matches on the table, and they're at the post, you can see them in the bellow of the guy calling them, and everybody shuts up, and in walks the freckled-faced shoeshine kid.

"Look!" says the barkeep.

The Casey grabs the kid. He pushes a fistful of silver into the kid's hand.

"Wait!" says the barkeep, and adds some more to it, and I kiss a two-bit piece and toss it in with the kid's collection.

The kid looks at this sudden wealth. Then he looks at us. Then he whistles.

The Casey almost swallows a match, and the race is on. They're off. You can feel them going.

☆

I CLOSE my eyes.

They're at the quarter. Rigamarole leading, Lilly White second, Rover Boy third.

Somebody hollers, "Come on, Duck Bumps!" It's me.

They're at the half. Rigamarole, Lilly White, Rover Boy.

"Duck Bumps!" somebody screams. It's me again.

At the three quarters: Rigamarole out front, Lilly White and Rover Boy neck and neck.

"Duck Bumps," I murmur, and it's all over. Rigamarole wins by a length, Rover Boy second, Lilly White third.

I open my eyes. They feel kind of damp. It's a little hard using them, but I can tell her by her voice, even if I can't see her clearly for a minute, or figure how she trailed us to this far corner of a collapsed world.

"Danny," she says. "Oh, Danny Boy!"

"Now, listen," says the Casey. "Listen, now."

"But, Danny," she chokes.

"But, sweetheart," he says.

He tries to get her under his wing. She pulls away.

"I swear," he says. "I swear it: I'll never play another nag again."

"What?" she says.

"I mean it," he says.

"How much," she says, "did you play?" She's crying. "Tell me, Danny, how much?"

"The works," he says. "The five hundred."

"Oh, Danny!" she says. It comes out like a handful of notes on the harp, only high, shaky ones. "Oh, Danny. My own account at the bank. The hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty cents. I played our Honeymoon Fund, too. I thought if I lost, we'd still have the five hundred. You were picking them so right, Danny. Everybody was making so much easy money. Everybody but us. It was so hard . . . waiting . . ."

"Sure," says the Casey. "Sure."

"Duck Bumps," she says. "It was such a cute name."

☆

THAT'S when I leave. It gets me. I swear off the ponies forever. I swear off everything else. That night I begin the clean life. I have a large glass of soda pop.

"There can be no happiness," I tell the barkeep, "in a life that is ruled by the specter of chance."

"Well," says the barkeep, "I said it before and I say it again: I never yet seen a horse-race expert that wasn't born wobbly under the hair comb. Imagine the Casey getting a red-hot hunch like this Duck Bumps, then turning around and playing Rigamarole, a different long shot altogether."

"Rigamarole?"

"Rigamarole."

"The Casey had his nest egg on the winner?"

"Sure," says the barkeep. "It's nuts. I ask the Casey, frankly, how come? The Casey replies, 'Psychology.' Some screwball has give the Casey the idea he can't pick a winner if he has got his own money on it, so after the Casey dreams up this Triple-X Special, this Duck Bumps, to invest his five hundred on, then he gets scared it's bad psychology, so in the zero hour he plasters the five hundred on this Rigamarole. Just to fool Fate, or something."

"Would you mind," I say, "slipping a jigger of your best rye into this soda water?"

The barkeep doses the soda with gin by error.

"Speaking of hunches," he says, "there's a two-year-old running at Tropical tomorrow—an animal," he says, "entitled Newlywed."

I see what he means. I make a note of it.

THE END

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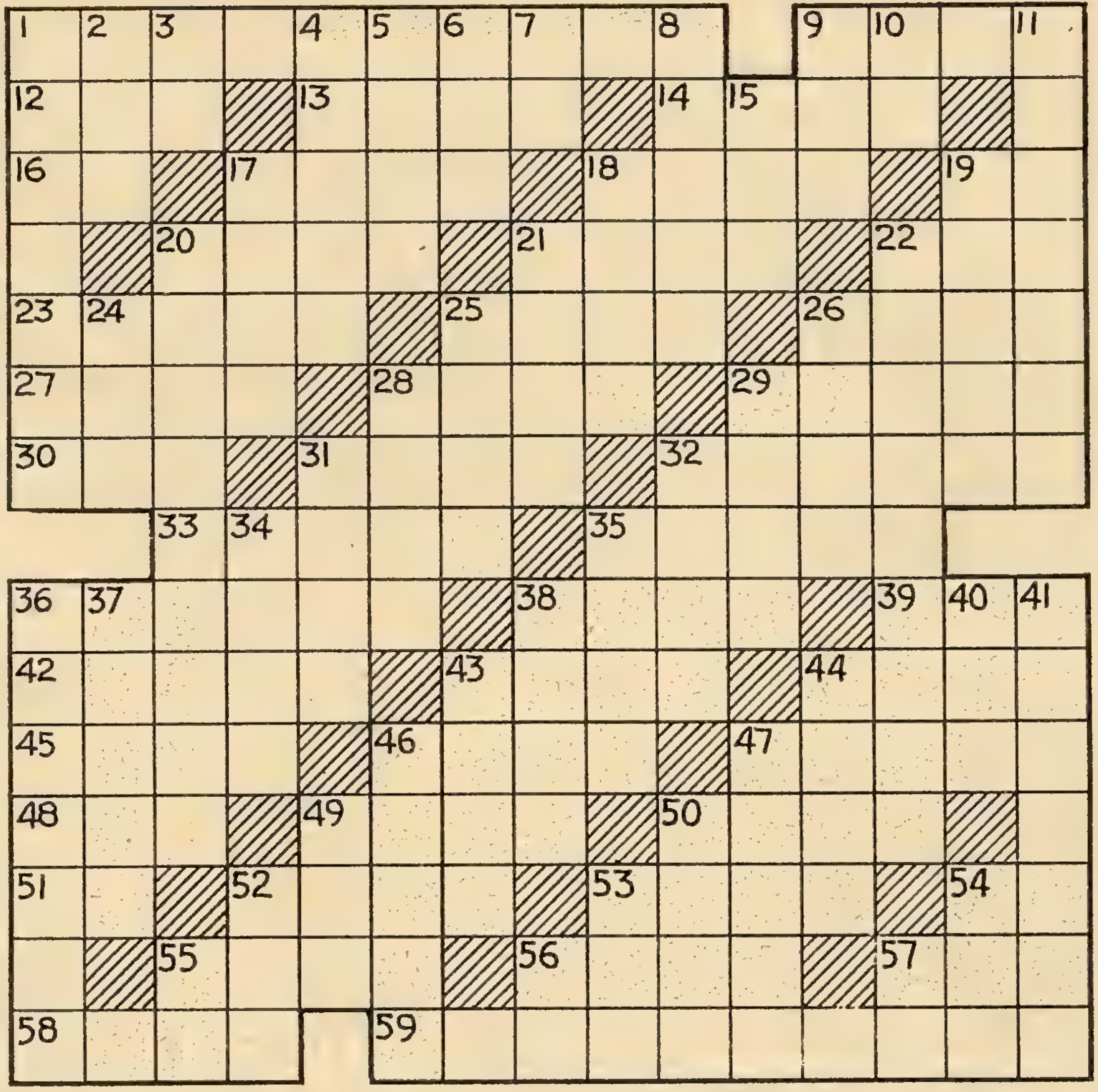
By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Booper-dooper (two words)
9 The big ? in cooking
12 Sunburned Paris
13 Openmouthed, with all the gold fillings gleaming
14 Horizontally inclined before the snoreboard
16 A pair of black Latin eyes
17 They're found around bottlenecks, operate on the stagger system
18 Swamp juice
19 The cutest little pair
20 If it's black, to the devil with it!
21 Kind of yeller berry, found around cultured fields every fall
22 African champagne
23 Truckers go for long ones
25 Bumper crop (sing.)
26 Real huge foot
27 Stooge, contracted
28 The heavy thing a father staggers under—the poor jackass!
29 If you age this, it causes quite a letdown
30 Writing papers (abbr.)
31 Jerk
32 Sartorial vestments, register economic conditions
33 Japan's cruelest weapon
35 A violin's mama
36 Neuropean slave market
38 I'd enjoy hearing Hitler yell for this
39 Dorothy Lamour puts a lot of this in her acting
42 American motto: "—— and conquer!"
43 Baloney
44 Philosophical hitching post
45 A large female dog
46 It takes a man with push to make a living on the curb with this
47 Queen's kelly
48 "A thing of beauty is a —— forever!" (Joosh proverb)
49 Intestinal fortitude (H. Alger)

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ALIVE ALONE AGAVE
RIVAL RAGES DEBAR
AVE■AMEN■MIRE■ADO
BERATED■LODE■ALES
   NET■VINEGAR   
SCROD■LAKE■ALIBIS
THEN■WINE■VIOLATE
AIM■FAME■CONE■DEN
IMITATE■DAWS■HEMS
RETIRE■AIRS■DENSE
   CORONET■PER   
BARK■EMIT■BALEFUL
AGO■IDEM■CEDE■OPE
KITED LABOR TERSE
ELOGE ETUDE EAGER
 ERGS TENET STET 
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Last week's answer

50 Song of the cat containing canary
51 Elevated Noses (abbr.)
52 Purse that will get a mink coat out of daddy
53 Many things are done for the love of him
54 Tonsil tickler
55 Who in Brooklyn
56 Curbstone setter
57 Last thing doctors extract from unwilling patients
58 It's dull but striking
59 Vassar catcher chest protectors

VERTICAL

1 Young man Salt Lake City gals usually married
2 An egotist's references
3 What Klondike Kate never could say
4 Debossy's Morning Mood
5 Some friends of Hitler
6 This goddess had plenty!
7 This crosses Bway against the lights (abbr.)
8 Playboy's tub
9 Difference between slacks and shorts (fem.)
10 Highway hustler (abbr.)
11 Mechanized houseflies
15 This ditches a lot of mutterists along the highways
17 Cook says 'tis better to under than over this
18 Fowl crop crop
19 Celestial motorman and star grazer
20 Very little Sir Echo of Sir Wreccko
21 The McCoy
22 Rock for Nazis to beat their brains out on
24 New Order admirer
25 Metaphysical bad news
26 Kind of man that wins his letters easily
28 Brassy, cheeky, and noisy
29 Hit the Macy-Gimbel line for a 29¢ bargain (fem.)
31 How traffic-court magistrates always feel as they slap this around
32 Why doesn't this worm start manufacturing nylon?
34 St. Peter's dome
35 Hot-air escape
36 What a skunk's wife probably thinks her husband is terribly
37 And you might say this one is, too
38 How Billy felt when Joe Louis Conn-ected
40 What a bore bends
41 Spots you'll find on the well dressed man's ties (pl.)
43 Reason why Bass ail (if swallowed)
44 He took Whirlaway's mom for a whirl
46 Swallow of lunch and lunch of a swallow
47 Hushi-uppi (Ital.)
49 Drippy gush
50 Household gods
52 Here's a guy who knows a thing or two (abbr.)
53 A little backward eating
54 Setting-out place for one-way ping-pong
55 Telegraph System (abbr.)
56 Household goddess
57 Forever Russia! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHY HITLER LOST THE BISMARCK

Continued from Page 16

on an Atlantic raid, as they would be certain to draw in pursuit practically the entire British fleet. Admiral Luetjens vetoed this on the ground that the Tirpitz's crew were not yet familiar enough with the handling of the ship. He maintained that the Bismarck alone would be a sufficient threat to cause the largest possible British naval concentration.

Admiral Raeder then came forward with a plan he had long cherished in secret. After considerable deliberation it was accepted by Admiral Luetjens. The Bismarck, accompanied by the new 10,000-ton Prince Eugen, was to sail far to the north, circle around Iceland, and break through into the North Atlantic. There the two were to pounce upon some large British convoy and wreak all possible havoc. That done, they were to head southeast. This would make the British believe they were heading for a French Atlantic port, and the Gibraltar squadron would be sent out to intercept them.

Actually, the plan was not for the Bismarck and Prince Eugen to steer for any French port. At an opportune moment they were to change course and make for the Azores. The mighty Bismarck would steam into the harbor of Horta and force a surrender and the immediate occupation of the town by German marines. A fleet of German supply ships, out from French and Spanish ports, and loaded with heavy coastal artillery, would simultaneously converge upon Horta, and a fleet of Nazi air transports would take off for the Azores, ferrying enough troops to hold the islands until reinforcements could arrive. Stuka dive bombers and Messerschmitts, based on the Azores, would see to it that British naval forces did not venture close enough to interfere.

The chances of this daring expedition were weighed carefully. Admiral Luetjens insisted that, barring an unlucky injury to his propellers or steering apparatus, which he regarded as one chance out of twenty, he could outrun or outfight any battle unit, or even two, that the British could bring against him.

As events proved, the admirals were right in some of their arguments. The Bismarck outfought and outran the giant battle cruiser Hood and the new battleship Prince of Wales, sinking the former. She drew the British Gibraltar squadron into the Atlantic. The Axis was enabled to send large quantities of troops and supplies to Libya, and the French managed to get at least some of the released war materials to North Africa.

However, that one chance which Admiral Luetjens had envisaged against him did materialize. The Bismarck's propellers and steering gear were damaged by torpedoes from

Final Score with 509 Softball Players

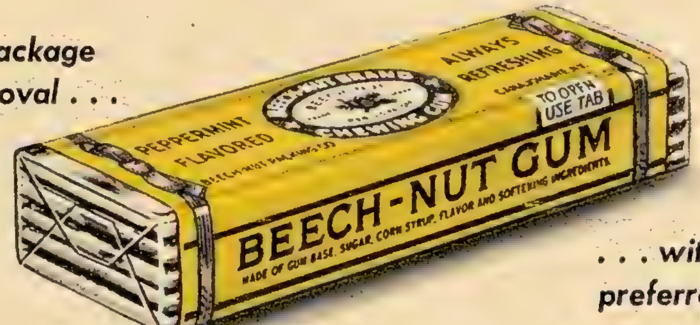
3 out of every 5 preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

In a test, made by an independent fact-finding organization, 334 out of 509 softball players preferred the delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

Various brands of the same flavor gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. The softball players were each given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and were asked to report which stick they preferred. 3 out of 5 softball players said they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of the other brand.

Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum. Enjoy its delightful, distinctive flavor.

The yellow package with the red oval . . .



. . . with the preferred flavor

Beech-Nut Gum

ANOTHER HIT . . . BEECHIES, those delicious pieces of Beech-Nut candy-coated gum. In four varieties: Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin and Cinnamon.

British planes. This crippled her to an extent that made escape impossible, and eventually, after a fierce fight, she was sunk.

As result of this far-flung Nazi plan, the British lost Crete and suffered their heaviest naval losses of the war. They perforce permitted a heavy increase in the Axis threat to Suez from Libya. But they escaped the greatest peril of all—the establishment of a strong Nazi submarine and air base on the Azores. They eventually hunted down and sank five of the supply ships sent to assist in the garrisoning of the islands. The Nazi cruiser Prince Eugen safely reached a French port.

Meanwhile the Portuguese government dispatched reinforcements to the Azores, to prevent any other Nazi naval scheme along similar lines. Had the Bismarck completed her mission, the British life line across the Atlantic would have been severed.

THE END

Further and even more sensational information from inside Germany will be disclosed by Wythe Williams in Liberty next week.

THE CASE FOR UNION WITH BRITAIN—Continued from Page 9

the British a bitter dose of their own medicine — while making us suffer from it too. It is even more distasteful to us, for our American genius has always run in the opposite direction.

By adopting the policy of Union Now, we end the policy of divide and rule in both Germany and Britain. We say in effect to the British that we will play ball with them if they will agree to make it baseball instead of cricket. We make the rules of our American game the rules of the world game. If we cannot hold our own with the British on that basis, what hope is there for us?

The Union program not only transfers our relations with Britain from a British to an American basis but gives the American people more representatives in the Congress than the British. It does this by basing representation on the principle of "one man, one vote," instead of "one state, one vote," and by limiting representation to self-governing people, excluding colonies. Since 132,000,000 of the 200,000,000 citizens of the proposed Union are Americans and only 47,000,000 are British of the United Kingdom, it is easy to see that the American people would elect more representatives than all the British democracies put together.

For the war emergency, the Union program suggests a small provisional one-house Congress of 49 members thus divided: United States, 27; United Kingdom, 11; Canada, 3; Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Eire, 2 each. For the postwar permanent set-up it suggests the normal two-house Congress, with one representative in the Lower House for every 1,000,000 citizens, and two senators for each democracy of 25,000,000 people or less, and two more for each additional 25,000,000 people. The result would be:

	House	Senate
Australia	7	2
Canada	11	2
Eire	3	2
New Zealand	2	2
Union of South Africa	2	2
United Kingdom	47	4
United States	132	10
Totals	204	24

Some critics say this gives the British control of the Senate. They talk as if the British would control the Irish and Canadian votes in this Union —when they can't even control them now. Or they find that a majority of five American votes in the provisional one-house Congress is too small a margin. They fear the "wily British" will lavish lordly, not to say royal, garden parties on the American members till they get three or four in their pocket and thus control the majority. Here again the critics make the mistake of assuming that the British government will control all the Dominion members, including the Irish.

These critics are still thinking in terms of diplomacy instead of Federal Union. Otherwise they would realize that in a Union the British government would have no more control over the British representatives than the Illinois government has over the Illinois representatives in the American Congress. They would realize, too, that the set-up would be Britain against America no more than the American Union set-up is one of Illinois against Wisconsin; that in Federal Union the division in Congress is not between individual states but between parties that cut across state lines, and between issues that cut across party lines.

A beauty in our American federal system is that it thus puts the people of different states on a man-to-man basis, instead of a mystical state-to-state one. Whatever prejudices we may have against John Bull and in favor of Uncle Sam, we all know plenty of Englishmen we like individually, and our jails are full of Americans we don't trust. Union would put our relations with all the British on the same realistic individual basis that now governs our attitude toward Americans of purely British origin.

As for royal garden parties, the critics of Union need to remember that, if the British have Anglicized a few American diplomats, we Americans have Americanized tens of millions of Englishmen; also, that the Union plan would have the Union capital on this side of the Atlantic.

How to reconcile with American democracy the maintenance of the British crown, dukes, lords, lesser nobles, church of state? That would be their problem, not ours. The creation of The Union would not extend one iota of all that to the United States. If the British desired to continue it in Britain, that would be their right. It is true that The Union would bring the British and American people into a close intermingling relationship, much like that of New Yorkers and Californians. But to assume that the result of the establishment of this Great Republic would be the decay of republican institutions in the United States rather than the decline (already under way) of the old order in Britain itself, is to ignore the teachings of history and show very little faith in America.

What would happen to our schools? We would continue to run our own schools, and the Canadians would continue to run theirs, and the British theirs, and the Irish theirs. The Union plan would leave schools under the control of the states' members even more than the United States leaves them to the local authorities.

What about secession? The Union plan would have us begin with a provisional Union, and would not commit us to remaining in it until we had worked out and ratified a permanent Constitution. Could a nation secede even after it had agreed to enter this permanent Union? That would depend on the terms of its Constitution. Personally, I would be opposed to allowing such secession. To my mind that issue was settled once for all in our own Civil War. True, this new Union might eventually suffer a civil war on some other issue. There is no foolproof system of preventing war. But Union does lessen the danger of war. Before our Federal Constitution was established there were eleven territorial disputes between the thirteen states, and several of them were threatening war. All these were settled peacefully under the Union, and we suffered only one civil war in 150 years. If we can make similar progress toward eliminating war from the world, it is surely worth doing.

Difficult? Dangerous? Of course. But what policy now is not difficult and dangerous? And the alternatives are no less difficult, they are even more dangerous, and they give far less promise of doing what we all want done. Put them to these tests: Will they stop Hitler? Overthrow him? Bring enduring peace?

Stop Hitler? Nothing would speed him here faster than to adopt the Lindbergh program. Such a reverse in United States policy would convince Hitler and Japan that we Americans are wobbly cowards. It would dishearten the Chinese, destroy our prestige in Latin America, discourage all our potential friends in Europe, demoralize the British, encourage them to make a deal with Hitler, giving him and Japan immediate control of the seas. Even going to war against Hitler gives no real guaranty against such a separate peace unless we form a union with the British.

Overthrow Hitler? Lindbergh says the only thing that can overthrow Hitler is a collapse from within, but he doesn't even explore how to get rid of him this way. He prefers to let him rule all the Old World, to take a chance on Latin America, and to keep us forever preparing for his attack. He says we can successfully resist invasion from overseas. But even if we did, we would have to remain on the ramparts as long as there was danger of another invasion. Since that danger would remain as long as dictatorship remained in the Old World, the best we can hope from the Lindbergh policy is to remain interminably on the ramparts. That is a bleak prospect, and it threatens us with gradually losing, meanwhile, all our liberties to some home-grown dictator.

Going to war in itself will not overthrow Hitler. Indeed, if our aim in war is merely to knock him out, that will simply make the Germans fight the harder, for they will fear retribution if they lose. To try to overthrow Hitler simply by force, especially by an expeditionary force, is to try to do it the hardest way, the way that will cost the most in lives. And suppose we try to lessen the cost by promising the Germans a new order, even a federal union world, after the war is over. Hitler need only remind them of what our Senate did to the Covenant after Germany surrendered in 1918.

Win the peace? The alternatives to Union give no better hope of enduring peace than the methods we have already tried in vain. Lindbergh would apparently rely on diplomacy, heavy armaments, and the ocean. The others, who would at least begin by trying to overthrow Hitler, leave us exposed—even after he has been overthrown—to another Versailles, another League, another period of ungoverned recrimination, rivalry, and racketeering among sovereign nations who insist each on being a law unto itself, another depression, some new Hitler, and so to war again.

The Union policy provides the greatest possible power for stopping Hitler at the Atlantic's eastern shore. Should he take the British Isles despite it, he would take them despite any other policy—and Union still gives the best hope that we and Canada and the rest of The Union will keep the Anglo-American navy, and thus remain safe from invasion while we prepare.

Union would overthrow Hitler by combining against him the strongest material and moral power. On the one hand, it would clamp on him the tightest possible blockade, give the strongest naval guaranty that our aviation and other weapons would be delivered in England and elsewhere, and allow the best hope of bringing the war more and more to Germany through the air. At the same time it would be undermining dictatorship from within by the hope this strong policy would give all the foes of the Axis and by the fear it would spread among the Nazis and Fascists.

Dictatorship would be undermined even more by the fact that The Union was already in existence—not just a dubious paper pledge to be carried out after the war. And dictatorship would be still more undermined by The Union's promise to admit to it not only the captive European democracies when they freed themselves but even the German and Italian peoples when they restored their own free rights as men.

As for enduring peace, Union organizes peace on the federal basis that has proved the most effective peace machinery the world has ever known. It organizes world government on the model that has already worked for 150 years in the United States, and that has been successfully followed in Canada, where one third of the population are French; in South Africa, where it has been healing the wounds of the Boer War; in Switzerland, where the population is divided among German, French, and Italian cantons.

By Union Now with Britain we can begin the United States of the World just as our forefathers began the United States of America. What better guaranty of peace and freedom can we hope for than that? And to what better, greater task can we devote our lives?

THE END

BETWEEN CAMERA CLICKS... PEPSI-COLA

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Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane, featured in "Time Out For Rhythm". A Columbia Picture.

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The Strip-Tease Industry

☆ THE strip-tease art, which in the last five years has assumed a popularity previously not equaled even by virtuosi of the musical saw and professors of the Sawing a Woman in Two illusion, is hardly the latter-day phenomenon that most folk think it is. It was born forty-six years ago, and its mother—or rather grandmother—was a French dame named Charmion. This Charmion toured the vaudeville houses throughout America for at least a dozen seasons and was during the period their star sensational attraction.

Although somewhat different from the act of her heirs and assigns, Charmion's performance was founded on the same general principle. That principle, as almost every one now knows, is the gradual, coy divestment of articles of feminine apparel to a sensuous musical accompaniment, and to the theoretical enormous stimulation of the masculine libido. But whereas the ladies presently do their divesting on a stage or some other such platform, Charmion did hers on a trapeze.

I remember her act well, child though I then was. (My father took me to see her no less than four times under the pretense that what interested him on the particular vaudeville bill was a trio of Swiss yodelers.) I say I remember her well, and if you think to insult me by allowing that a small boy's memory is not entirely to be trusted, I herewith prove it to your satisfaction, inch by inch.

Small and dark, Mlle. Charmion, clad in a long black satin cloak and with a large feathered black hat on her head, emerged elegantly from the wings. Bowing graciously and flashing her teeth in a genial smile, she approached a lowered trapeze, deposited herself upon it, and was raised aloft. The stage was darkened; a spotlight was centered on the beauty; and slowly the orchestra began to play.

Punctuating her process of *déshabillé* with many a cute oo-la-la or winking *très-chic-n'est-çe-pas?* our siren now first took off her hat and dropped it to the stage below. Then followed her cloak, and our little pigeon was beheld in a dress of black silk, and with long black gloves. The gloves were discarded one by one, then off came the bodice of the dress, then off came the skirt. Mademoiselle was now in a long covering of pink petticoat, surmounted by an ample pink something or other. The latter was next in line for removal and was succeeded by the petticoat.

What one then observed was our heroine in very sufficient black net underthings, black net stockings, and black satin slippers. The slippers were now the first to go, and after them came the net underthings—to the disappointment of the audience (doubtless including my father)—revealing Mlle. Charmion in still more net underthings, albeit not quite so comprehensive.

By way of prolonging the terrible suspense, our temptress now maddeningly drew forth a small lace kerchief from her bodice and with a saucy gesture cast it aside. She thereupon added insult to injury by slowly adjusting a hairpin in her coiffure. But wait! One by one now off came the stockings, revealing a pink silk garter above each. Pause! And then, tantalizingly unfastening one of the garters, our beauty tossed it into the audience—and the lights went out and the act, with the person of our heroine still concealed in enough black net underwear to dress a whole present-day musical show chorus, was over.

Nevertheless, that was the birth of strip-teasedom.

Since Charmion's day it has made great progress, and progress is the word. Not only have more and more remaining bodily concealments gradually been dispensed with in the name of the art, but the art itself has become a veritable industry. Despite the occasional interference by various municipal authorities, by the police, and by moralists in mufti, the strip-tease has thrived in burlesque, which is its current chief home, in musical shows, in night clubs, in pleasure parks, honkytonks and carnivals, and, Will Hays or no Will Hays, even to a degree in the movies.

The most widely advertised of the later-day strippers is Gypsy Rose Lee, although Gypsy some time ago informed me she was, to quote her exactly, sick as all hell of the damn business and rarin' to do something else. The daughter of a Pacific-coast newspaperman, Gypsy invented what has come to be recognized as the modern strip-tease routine: the languorous removal seriatim of everything that the law allows, plus the suggested removal of that, too, just as the stripeuse undulates into the wings.

The other big shots in the exposing sorority are Ann Corio and Margie Hart. The former, whose name has erroneously been reported to have been derived from "anchor" as a tribute to the large burlesque sailor trade, is celebrated from coast to coast, has been at the game for a considerable time, has been respectably married to the same Irish husband for years, and draws the largest crowds. Miss Hart, the best looker among the strippers, is of more recent vintage but has gained rapidly in popularity.

". . . the technique of sly innuendo, of factitious shyness . . ."

Less illustrious than any of these but familiar to addicts to the art are all kinds of other girls of all creeds, nationalities, and color, including Chinese, Japanese, Irish, Danish, Swedish, French, Polynesian, Norwegian, Negro, and Bronx. There is, for example, the blonde Irish Della Carroll who for some years has displayed her talent and epidermis not only in burlesque but in night clubs both here and in London. There is Sen Lee, a Tahitian belle, known best to the night-club floor-show trade; and Noel Carter, English-American, who not long ago graduated directly from a Broadway burlesque stage to the fashionable Monte Carlo night club on New York's East Side; and little Babette, family name Bernhardt, who bills herself as The Tiniest Tease and is something of a wow with the Middle Western connoisseurs; and Zorine, hardly to be confused with Zorina, who goes in for arty embellishments, calls her act Sacrifice to the Sun God, and duly and devoutly sacrifices to that deity everything but her G-string.

Also catering to the omnivorous trade are such artistes as Mary Blaine, a pert baggage who cracks funny jokes while baring her anatomy to the cognoscenti in Dave Rosen's Streamlined Follies at the pleasure parks; the Latin Grace Carlos, who features what she calls a teasing-tassel dance; the corpulent Margaret Gibson, who kids Miss Carlos by doing much the same thing with a travesty slant; the blondissimo Alyn Payne, who modestly permits herself to be known as the Versatile Venus but whose versatility in song and monologue is considerably less impressive than her shape; and Peaches Strange, June St. Clair, Marcia Eloise, and Linda Powers, who may be relied upon to pop the eyes of burlesque-house Corinthians at least four times daily.

And I have only skimmed the surface. There are literally hundreds of other such houris with an allergy to clothing whom the strip industry has put more or less in the chips. Sherry Britton, for example, who pleasures the night-club trade; Maria Voe, who sheds a beaded costume bead by bead; Mariane Miller, who peels to the accompaniment of a hooch dance that knocks out the eyes of gents even seated as far back in the burlesque theaters as row double-Z; Annette Cliff and Stella Miles, who substitute broad grins for the more usual far-away, dreamy look while baring themselves to the breeze; Marie Cord, who lets go with a lusty soprano in the process of exfoliation; and the little Japanese Sue Loi, a newcomer to the sorority, who looks scared to death at the mere prospect of taking off even her hat.

The highest salaried of all the burlesque strippers is Ann Corio, who draws down from $700 to $800 a week. Miss Corio, however, is a girl with loftier ambitions and during the summer months periodically takes time off to appear in dramatic plays on the summer theater circuit, courageously sacrificing her bank account and the applause of sailors for her histrionic art and the applause of Connecticut and New Jersey society. Next to Miss Corio comes Margie Hart in the matter of reimbursement. Miss Hart, I am informed, rates as high as 600 smackers weekly for revealing herself *in puris naturalibus,* and who am I to say she does not richly earn it?

While she was active in the industry, Gypsy Rose Lee topped both these ladies, getting as high as $2,000 a week, and sometimes more. But, as has been intimated, Miss Gypsy has latterly sought other means of expression, the cinema and belles-lettres among them, and may no longer be considered strictly a member of the molting aviary.

The weekly rewards of the other apostles of birthday clothes vary. Some of those who offer themselves to the pleasure-park trade get as little as twenty-five dollars for five shows daily, including Sunday; the night-club doffers draw anywhere from fifty dollars to $200; and some of the lesser burlesque baldies are lucky if they get fifty. In certain jitney burlesque joints and cabarets the star stripper is backed by a chorus line of six subsidiary strippers who get about twenty dollars a week for their exertions, when they get it.

Just what it is that makes one girl conspicuously successful in the strip-tease business and another not has baffled the experts, especially as both girls do exactly the same thing, that is, slowly take off their clothes. Yet the problem doesn't seem so difficult of solution. It isn't a matter of excellence of figure, as some maintain, since Gypsy Rose Lee herself once confided that her own figure was far from the kind adapted to the strip-tease. And some of the other girls who have triumphed at the box office similarly haven't enjoyed such shapes as have girls who have failed. Nor is it a variation of the strip-tease itself, as has been noted, since the strip-tease, wherever you find it, is much of a piece. And certainly it isn't beauty of face, as some of the most prosperous exponents of the art do not compare in looks with some of the least prosperous.

What it is, to judge from a punditical investigation over a considerable area, is manner pure and simple. One girl has it and another hasn't it. It consists in a relative delicacy of suggestion, in the trick of assumed modesty, in an appearance of disembodying the purely physical. I have seen dozens of strippers of the brazen school and not one of them, for all the applause of the hounds in the audience, has ever ultimately got much of anywhere. But those who have mastered the technique of sly innuendo, of factitious shyness, and of seeming to be publicly in the privacy of their own boudoirs, have gone places.

THE END

An eminent critic examines the rise of an American phenomenon

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

This Man's Army

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ IT'S aggravatin', that's what it is. Years ago a uniform practically made the fair lady swoon. Today the sight of one is female-repellent. I might add civilian-repellent. Admitting that the G. I. uniform is not, perhaps, as attractive as a well cut Harris tweed, or even Uncle Elmer's blue serge, we still have to wear that uniform.

Much has been said here and, I imagine, in other camps about the injustices encountered by the enlisted man plagued with his uniform. Higher prices are the rule in many stores because we are branded as suckers.

Isn't it enough for us to have given up jobs, homes, families, and personal feelings without being stigmatized by the very uniform which should be a mark of honor rather than an easy mark?

Cpl. W. P. McG., Camp Shelby, Miss.

If what you say is true . . . and I have many other letters attesting that it is . . . there's a job to be done on certain sections of the civilian population. And the sooner the better. Education and moral pressure are the two handiest weapons and they should be employed to the fullest extent.

It is my understanding that a civilian must have a pass to visit an Army post. If so, to what office or officer should the request be sent? I want my visit to be a surprise to the person in whom I am interested; must I give his name when I make the application?

(Miss) E. V. B., Toledo, Ohio.

A citizen does not need a pass to visit most camps or forts. As a general rule, civilians are welcome after five o'clock on weekdays and on week-ends from Saturday noon to Sunday evening. Other times are not as good simply because of possible interruption of training schedules and normal duties. Since you don't need a pass you need not disclose the name of your friend, but I suggest that you check in advance with his C. O. to be sure that he'll be around when you are.

There's an argument raging throughout the regiment as to the proper definition of Corps Area and Army Corps. I say that a Corps Area is a geographical division; an Army Corps is a group of Army units; and the numbers of the Corps Areas do not necessarily correspond to the numbers of the Army Corps. Also, am I correct that the New England states comprise the First Corps Area and that my regiment is in the First Army Corps?

Pvt. I. T. P., 187th F. A.,
Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

Take a bow, soldier—you couldn't be righter. It just happens that there are nine Corps Areas and nine Army Corps, but it is only coincidence when the Army Corps number is the same as the Corps Area in which it is located.

There is a report around here that draftees are being drilled fifteen hours a day. This rumor is so persistent that it looks like some of Hitler's work. Please give us the truth.

E. A. H., Norfolk, Va.

The rumor is false. Let me quote from a recent statement made by General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army: "The soldier of today has devoted only 20 hours to close order drill during his entire 13-week basic training period. He has spent his time in learning the things that make a man efficient in combat, that make him act intelligently in an emergency and that toughen him physically to withstand the rigors of modern warfare." Of course there's a question as to what you mean by "drill." A man on maneuvers has to put in all sorts of hours on duty, just as he would under the battle conditions which are simulated. But don't fall for any of the tall tales of men "drilling" fifteen hours daily in camp. 'Tain't so.

Can a man of one religious denomination be forced to attend the service of another? We are Catholics and when our first sergeant tried to make us attend a Protestant service we refused. As punishment for this so-called disobedience, he put us on K. P. for the rest of the day. I think it was a personal whim on his part, but that's no reason to deprive a man of his religious freedom.

Pvt. L. F.,
Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.

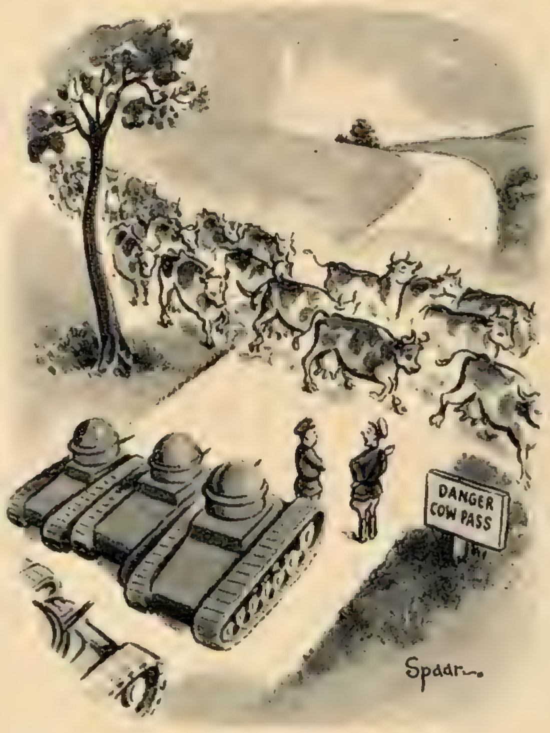
If that was a "personal whim" it was a dangerous one. The free exercise of religion is your right and no one, in the Army or out, can legally deprive you of it.

Just sounding off for a few lines. I'm now with the 115th Infantry of the 29th Division, a National Guard outfit. It restores a man's faith in human nature to be associated with such a fine bunch. Their initiative, courage, and loyalty are on a par with the Regular Army which I used to know. Let's knock down the silly barriers which still seem to exist to some extent between the regulars and the guardsmen. It's "one for all and all for one" these days, and the sooner the better.

Pvt. W. E., Fort Geo. G. Meade, Md.

I'm with you and I know you're right, because I've done stretches with both regular and guard outfits. Pride in your own organization is a fine thing, but grant the other fellow the same right . . . and respect it.

A luscious blonde walks past a drilling platoon. One of the rookies falls out and inspects her closely. The sergeant halts the platoon and looks witheringly at the offending rookie.



"If I thought for a moment this was part of the Blue Army's strategy—! !"

"Private Jones, do you want K. P. for a week? What in the blankety-blank do you think you're doing?"

"I'm pretty sure that girl is my cousin."

"You don't say! Private Jones remain here. Platoon dismissed."

Lock Guard (702 M. P. Batn.),
Fort Brady, Mich.

THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS—Continued from Page 25

need to, Carstairs. I sent one off, myself, half an hour ago."

Carstairs stood there, and his lips worked and he couldn't say anything.

Fuzzy's voice went on, calm and smooth and casual: "I shouldn't expect an answer for a little while if I were you. I imagine the post office is somewhat disrupted." Fuzzy said, as if he were speaking of something else, something of no importance at all: "You mustn't be too disturbed. Such things are very often exaggerated."

Carstairs Major said, "Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Thank you, sir," all in a single breath, and then they were walking across the Yard again, with the dark shutting down all about them.

Halliday'd never known before that darkness could be so dull and dead and thick. He felt faintly sick, and that must be his tea disagreeing with him.

☆

THAT Tuesday the sun streamed into the classroom, and this was Latin III, and they were about to begin on a pompous personage described as "the pious Aeneas," whose adventures, as outlined by a Roman gentleman named Vergil, were not only incredible but downright dull.

Halliday looked around the room, and Carstairs Major had his elbows on his desk. Carstairs Major knew more about Latin than any other boy in the school: it was even said that he could turn out verses in that terrible tongue. As for Carstairs Minor, he was still a walking encyclopedia crammed with the most amazing facts. He could recite the shires and counties of England without stopping and was reported to be practicing on the Presidents of the United States.

The sun fell full on Carstairs Major's face, and Halliday looked away quite quickly. He looked down at the letter half hidden beneath his desk lid. It was from Jack and it said:

> Dear Peanut:
>
> I've offered my services, unofficially, over at the Armory, and I go there three nights a week. They're changing over from horse cavalry to a howitzer outfit. I'm on the battalion staff and—

It was a shame mum couldn't see the letter, Halliday thought. But then, mum was always too busy to see anything. Mum was so efficient, budgeting their finances and making the family run. Mum often said that if it weren't for her dad wouldn't have a shirt to his name. But even if dad didn't have a shirt, he'd still sneak off from his office summer days to sit high up in the bleachers at the ball game. Dad—

Mr. Douglas' voice cut in: "If you've quite finished your correspondence, Halliday, we'd be glad to hear from you. A line of the Latin and then the translation, please."

Halliday rose from his seat and his voice was thin and high: *"Arma virumque cano.*—Of arms and the man, I sing . . ."

Mr. Douglas rapped the desk with his ruler. "All right, Halliday. Excused. Some one to see you, I think."

Halliday looked, and there was mum, outside the window, walking up and down in the wintry sun.

He went out slowly. Mum would want to kiss him, and that would be most embarrassing.

Mum didn't. Mum simply said, "Have the little English boys heard anything yet?"

☆

THEY didn't hear all that week, and it was a dull, leaden sort of time with the skies forever full of snow and no snow falling. The queer thing was, Halliday thought, that Carstairs Major and Minor didn't look or act any different. Only once in a while, when the telephone rang or a messenger boy came wheeling up the drive, they'd seem to jump inside their skins. And then settle down again.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—and Marshall lent Carstairs Major his most prized possession, a book containing magnificent illustrations of steam locomotives and streamlined trains. Marshall usually kept it locked up.

Halliday invited Carstairs Minor down to the vill for light refreshments, and Carstairs Minor said he couldn't because he was still learning the Presidents. He had them up to Buchanan, but after that they kept slipping his mind.

Saturday — and mum came over after classes. Mum's hair wasn't stringy any more but coiled quite neatly under her hat. Mum had on a little lipstick and she'd tied a new scarf tight about her throat.

Mum couldn't seem to stay still. She wanted to walk up and down the Yard with the wind blowing and the dull gray clouds dropping so low they almost seemed to touch the trees.

Mum said, "I'm going home tonight, Dickie. Heaven knows what a mess your father's got things into by now."

Mum stopped beside the stone bench beneath Memorial. She looked up at the bronze figure of a boy reading a book. "What's this, Dickie?"

Halliday said, "School Memorial, mum. Nobody bothers about it much."

The bronze boy was stretched out reading his book as if he lay, lazy and idle, in some warm green field where it was forever spring. Mum said slowly, "I never noticed it before."

Mum was looking at the old names on the stone, and Halliday turned his head. Carstairs Major and Carstairs Minor were coming across the Yard, their heads bent against the bitter wind. They were talking together so low you couldn't hear them at all.

Somewhere there was the sound of running feet, and Marshall burst through Forsythe hedge. Marshall shouted, "Hey, Carstairs! Cablegram!"

He shoved an envelope into Carstairs Major's hand, and Carstairs Major just stood there stupidly, staring at it. Carstairs' fingers fumbled and the envelope fell to the ground.

Mum picked it up. Mum said, "Shall I?" Mum tore it open, and the sound was so loud that it seemed to go clear past Chapel and on and on and on.

Mum read: "All safe and well. George's house wrecked. Living with us."

Carstairs Major said—and he still sounded stupid: "That's Uncle George."

Carstairs Minor put his hands up to his face. He began to cry.

Mum said, "Please keep quiet and go away, all of you." She put her arm around Carstairs Minor's shoulders. She led him to the stone bench.

☆

IT was cold there on the stone bench, and Carstairs Minor was still crying. He cried, as he did everything else, very quietly.

Mrs. Halliday sat beside him and she saw the dates first on the smooth stone of Memorial: " '63, '64, '98, 1914."

Then she saw the lettering after the names, and the words were like dimmed bugles blowing: "Manassas. Shiloh. The Wilderness. Cuba. Mons. The Marne. The Somme."

The gold letters had worn away so you could hardly read some of the names.

They were only names now and nobody bothered about them much, but once they'd all been boys in School. They'd gone away, in blue, in gray, in khaki, in Canadian kilts, so that something they loved and cherished should yet endure, so that School still should stand and the gold clock strike and the trees rustle and a late bird fly over. They were only names now. School still stood.

Mum sat there, and she could suddenly sense it all: wires whirring out of Washington because the lean, stooped man from Illinois had called for volunteers; guns growling at first Bull Run; Lee leading down the Valley of Virginia on the great horse Traveler. 1914 then, and Lord Grey standing beside a London window. "The lights are going out all over Europe tonight."

She looked down at Carstairs Minor, and his Cousin Charlie had been in the Durhams for donkey's years. Maybe Cousin Charlie was just like Jack. In every age, in every land, there'd always been Cousin Charlies and Jacks—men born to the army, men to sweat and stand and serve the guns.

Carstairs Minor mopped his face with his handkerchief. He said, "I'm most awfully sorry. I don't ever do this much."

Mrs. Halliday smiled. She said softly, "Every one does sometimes."

Carstairs Minor stood up, clothed in dignity again. He said confidentially, "I can say the names of all the Presidents. Should you care to hear me?"

Mrs. Halliday said, "I'm so sorry. But I think I see my husband and my oldest son."

☆

HALLIDAY had seen them first —dad and Jack cutting across the Yard, dad tall and straight, with his gray eyes twinkling, Jack with his

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battered hat, and his overcoat collar turned up around his neck.

He'd had to run quite fast to catch up with them, and Jack had called out, "Hi, Peanut!" when he'd seen him coming.

Mum was getting up now from the stone bench beneath Memorial, and dad looked scared and a little sheepish.

Dad said, and he'd been up to something, "Well, Mildred, Jack's going to get his call any day now, so we thought we'd both take a vacation and come up and see you and the Peanut."

Mum got up, and her cheeks were so bright they seemed to blaze. Mum said, "Of course." Mum said so fast the words all ran together, "Jack! If you still want to go to that wild place out in Oklahoma—Fort Sill, isn't it?—for heaven's sakes fill out your application quick." She smiled. "I dare say your father and I'll be fools enough to want to go out and see you there sometimes—playing with your precious guns."

Dad and Jack just stood there looking at each other.

Halliday knew now. He knew that Jack had already asked for an assignment to Fort Sill and dad had backed him up.

Now they were afraid mum would be mad. Mum wouldn't. Mum was a pretty good scout when she got around to it.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—The Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Smithson, an Englishman, left his fortune to the United States to found it.

2—Because her husband had gone to California in the gold rush.

3—It referred to Manhattan Island originally. According to the legend, a man named Dixy had a number of slaves, and sent some of them to other parts of the country where they had to work harder. They came to think of "Dixy" as their old home, where everything was good. Gradually it came to mean an ideal country in the southern part of the United States.

4—Burn it in private.

5—Charles Evans Hughes, who resigned as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

6—He came up with two men out and a man on base. The man on base was thrown out trying to steal, after the batter had two strikes and three balls on him. The batter was therefore first up in the next inning. He received three more balls, then took three more strikes and was declared out.

7—An honorary LL.D. degree from the University of Rochester. Churchill's mother was a native of Rochester.

8—Daniel Carter Beard, founder and vice-president of the Boy Scouts of America.

9—The Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes.

10—King Gustavus V of Sweden.

11—It was Holland, Michigan, center of Dutch culture in the United States.

12—Washington, D. C.

13—"Fire of bones," in reference to a funeral pyre.

14—Out riding in your auto. If lightning strikes a car, it is grounded in a fraction of a second.

15—Damascus, in Syria.

16—Widow of Representative William D. Byron, who died in a plane crash last March, she won an election for his seat and is now the youngest woman in the House—according to best available information.

17—The Vice-President of the United States is also the President of the Senate.

18—The silhouette, named after Etienne de Silhouette.

19—They are H, I, O, S, and X.

20—Rummy.

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

☆ IT all depends upon what you mean by *luck*. . . . Maida Heatter belongs to a talented family. Her father is Gabriel Heatter of radio fame. She's pretty. She's smart. Early in life success is hers as a commercial artist, silversmith, designer of costume jewelry. When I met her she said, "I've had wonderful luck with my work—more than I might have had if I'd been in greater need of it." . . . A sincerely modest philosophy, yet I wanted to know more about Maida's *luck*. Discovered she had worked so hard at fashion illustration and window display that a nerve crack-up threatened. Bored by compulsory rest, she wandered into a Y. W. C. A.; took a few lessons in silver craft. Turned out a large handsome bracelet; wore it on a shopping jaunt through a department store—where a staff buyer spied it and ordered a supply of same. "Pure luck," says Maida. "Many silverworkers make exquisite pieces, much finer than mine, but they can't seem to win attention." . . . Recently she put on *pewter* ornaments of her own creation to go to a Stork Club lunch attended by such well dressed, swell-jeweled girls as Hope Hampton and Bubbles Schinasi. After lunch it was *they* who came out wearing Maida Heatter's pewter, and Maida soon received urgent demands for it from the swank style shops. . . . Just *luck*, do you think? Yes, if being lucky means being industrious and original, with an unassuming personality that every one likes.

☆ POPULAR at a beach I visited is the *tanometer*—a big signboard chart by which to calculate sun tan according to your type of skin. Painted on it, large enough to read at a distance, are figures telling how long a blonde or brunette can safely bake herself at various hours of the day during each summer month. Sensible novelty.

☆ BECAUSE of check and charge accounts, there are rich people who often carry not a cent of money. In her book, Mission to the North, Mrs. F. J. Harriman, former United States Minister to Norway, writes of going broke there when the Germans invaded. Talking with her, I asked if she'd ever gone broke before. "So many times," she laughed, "that my late husband used to say, 'Daisy, if you didn't *look* so prosperous you'd *have* to carry a little cash—then you wouldn't get in these jams.' . . . But some one," she reflected, "always *did* help me out." No wonder she is a good diplomat!

"How did you enjoy your dude-ranch vacation, Miss Wilcox?"

☆ HOW to make slip covers, bedspreads, everything from baby's bassinet to modern drapes or old-time crazy quilts! New household volume, Sewing for the Home, by Mary Brooks Picken; has diagrams, photos, color sketches. An excellent gift book. (Harper & Brothers. $3.50.)

☆ WE all want nice things in our homes, but I wonder how many of us care about them with an ardor equal to that displayed by a man who showed me his pet Persian rug the other day. Told me he'd schemed for years to get it, even paying a detective agency to keep tabs on its owner's finances, so he could make a bid if the chance came. Sure enough, the owner took a business tumble, and the gent of my acquaintance bought the rug. He says, "I had it put down in a bare room without a stick of furniture. All by myself I tiptoed in, locked the door, sat cross-legged on my rug, and drank a pint of champagne." . . . It *is* beautiful, with a strange glow that changes from gold to misty azure, violet, green. Worth a barrel of money!

☆ OF a rich dark color, this *Burgundy Ham Loaf* looks invitingly luscious, and tastes as good as it looks, either hot or cold. . . . Have 1 pound smoked ham ground together with 1½ pounds fresh pork. Combine meat with 1 cup cracker crumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, ½ teaspoon ground allspice, pepper and salt. Pack in buttered loaf tin. Bake 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven, basting frequently with sauce made as follows: Mix 1 tablespoon dry mustard with 1 cup brown sugar and cook 5 minutes in 1 cup California Burgundy wine. . . . Mashed sweet potatoes with the loaf if you serve it hot; a diced vegetable salad if cold.

☆ SCIENCE has been investigating a fact you probably know—namely that summer insects do not choose to relax. On torrid evenings they fly tirelessly around our lamps until they drop dead in our cooling drinks. But the color of our lights has now been found by General Electric research to make a difference. Mosquitoes and bugs like to work in bright illumination, white, greenish, daylight blue. They resent soft, mellow lighting schemes. Fewer insects will be attracted if you cover your lampshades with transparent cellophane or pliofilm in deep tones of yellow, amber, pink.

THE LAST WORD:

What Happened to Fritz Thyssen?

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FULTON OURSLER

THE FATE OF FRITZ THYSSEN, millionaire German industrialist and financial backer of Adolf Hitler, is one of the major mysteries of the war. Is. Thyssen alive or dead? Even that elemental fact cannot be ascertained. His daughter, in South America, does not know, and the secret agents of various governments, the spies of democracy within the Reich itself, cannot find the answer.

"Thyssen is dead," some well informed people say. "Hitler got even with his old friend and supporter." But they are merely guessing. "Thyssen is in a concentration camp," others argue. "He has large holdings in American steel companies and South American mines and ranches. Until Hitler can arrange a transfer of all that wealth, Thyssen will not be killed."

Alive or dead, Thyssen can still speak to the world, because he was at work upon a book of memories just before his enemies, the Germans, broke through the Maginot Line and reached into his refuge at Monte Carlo. At that time he entrusted the manuscript to a European publisher who, in part, had shared his exile on the Côte d'Azur. The publisher, Dr. Emery Reves, escaped to the United States and for a year he debated with himself an ethical problem.

Should he allow the Thyssen manuscripts to be published? Of course, if he had known that the author were safely away from the Germans he would not have hesitated. But suppose, as was more than likely, that Thyssen was a prisoner of his own people; suppose that his surrender to Hitler had been a part of the armistice deal made with Pètain, then what? Would it not follow, in all probability, that the Germans, enraged at the revelations in the Thyssen memoirs, would kill him out of typical squeal-mad Prussian rage? For a year Dr. Reves wrestled with that possibility and the impulse on the other side—the impulse to release the Thyssen papers for publication because of the effect they would inevitably have on powerful American isolationists. Such men and women would be bound to respect the views of the magnate who had poured money into Hitler's pouches in a laudable effort to save Europe from Bolshevism, and then repudiated the whole bloodthirsty business. At last Dr. Reves has come to a decision. He will allow Liberty to publish the Thyssen manuscripts. He will state the reason for his course of action in Liberty next week, in an article entitled Why I Publish the Fritz Thyssen Manuscripts.

ALL IS NOT SO SOLEMN in next week's table of contents; there are, for example, three short stories, in addition to an unusual short short. I especially recommend: A Very Blind Date, by Royal Brown; Johnny Allenby and the Beautiful Rebel, by Wylly Folk St. John; and Diagnosis, by Smauel Hopkins Adams. Other recommended features are: Problem Horse—The Surprising Story of Whirlaway, by Hambla Bauer; The Case Against Union with Britain, by George E. Sokolsky; My Life in the Army, by Jimmy Stewart; Why Hitler Declared War on Russia, by Wythe Williams; A Quiz About American Cities, by Eleanor Early; Girl Meets Girl, by Bubbles Schinasi; and all the usual departments and features, together with plenteous helpings of the current serials—Murder with Southern Hospitality, by Leslie Ford; Footsteps Behind Her, by Mitchell Wilson; and Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together, by Frederick L. Collins. Sounds all right, don't you think so?

SALMAGUNDI: Thanks to the charming Fay Gillis Wells for her note informing me of my election to active membership in the Overseas Press Club of America. . . . When does the silly season in patriotism begin? It gets going when pop comes home, oils up his deer rifle, and practices marksmanship against an imaginary parachutist. That silly season, in many forms, is already with us. What it means actually is that Americans are eager to do their part. What they can do is set forth plainly in a new booklet, Defense on Main Street, published by the Council for Democracy in co-operation with the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Inc. If you want a copy, write to Marjorie Griesser, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City. . . . If you sat at my desk, what would you do after reading the following craftily delayed insult? It is called My Boy and is supposed to have been told to Winthrop E. True of 971 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, by "an anxious mother":

July 28, 1937. Today my boy is one year old. What will I make of him? A doctor? Lawyer? Minister? Or a great teacher? My husband says that due to his irrigating proficiency he would make a good hydraulic engineer. But I have higher aims for him. Well, time will tell.

July 28, 1938. This is the second anniversary of my boy's birth. He is developing traits that alarm me. He yells vociferously; family and neighbors can't sleep nights. But I am looking for a change for the better.

July 29, 1939. My boy was three years old yesterday. One day last week I caught him trying to cut the cat's tail off with a butcher knife. He bites and claws the other children. He breaks everything he can get his hands on. I am quite sure he will not make a good minister.

July 28, 1940. Another year has passed and my boy is now four. Recently he mixed a box of tacks with our boiled rice. Last week he sold the lawn mower to a junkman for two bits which he invested in a toy pistol. Then over his face he tied a black handkerchief that he stole from his grandmother and started holding up the passers-by. He is becoming known in the neighborhood as "Gyp the Blood, Jr."

July 28, 1941. His fifth birthday anniversary. Today I found him chewing tobacco and spitting all over a nice Persian rug. He admitted stealing the plug from a policeman's pocket, and when I attempted to take it away from him he kicked me in the shins and swore at me. He is dishonest and untruthful. He seems to have assimilated the most reprehensible propensities of mankind. I don't think he will make a good doctor or lawyer, and the only field I see open for him is to become a *manuscript reader or an editor.*

☆ ***THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.*** **FULTON OURSLER.**

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. . .

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COVER: BOB FELLER PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

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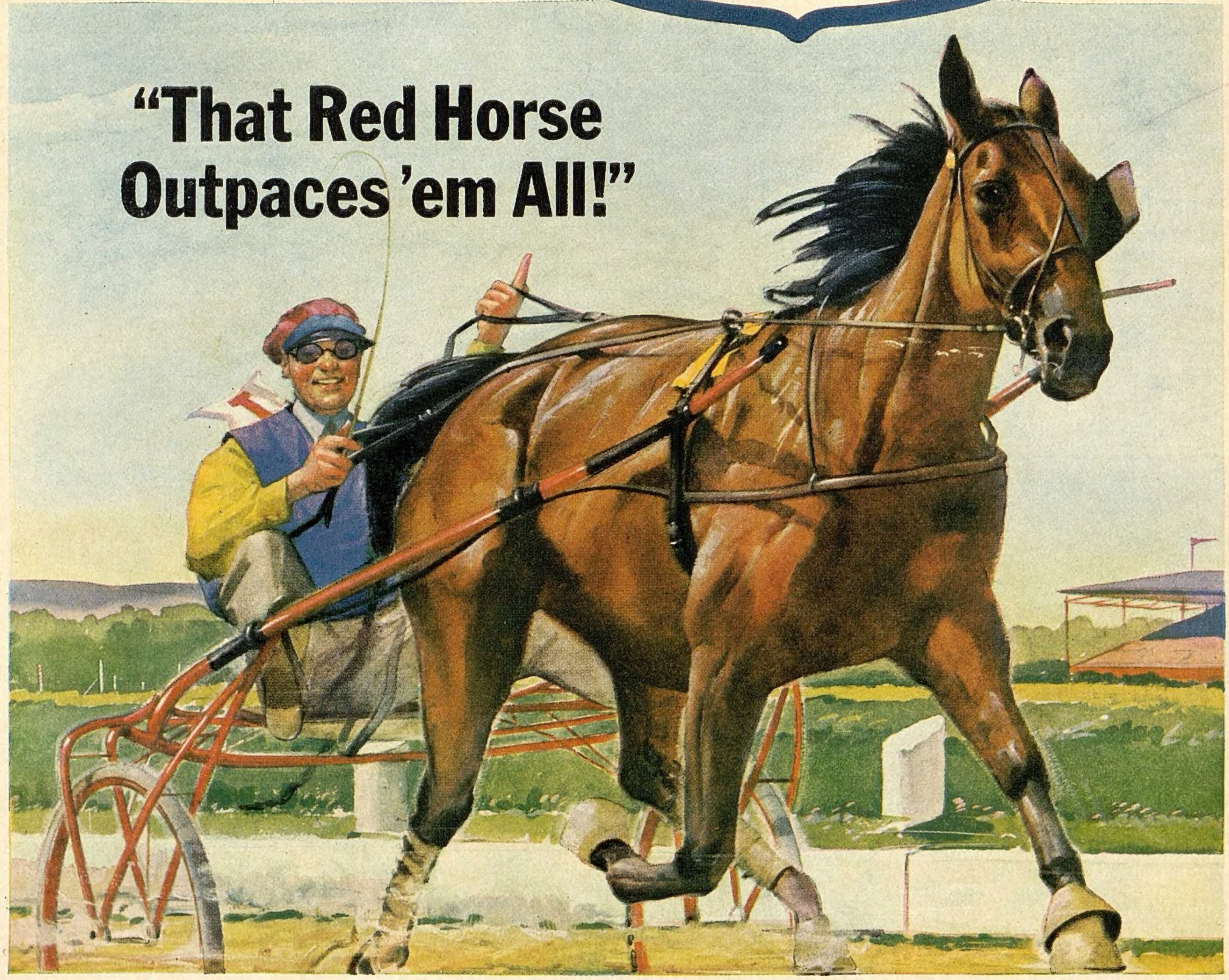
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